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MUSIC AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION

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MUSIC AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION

BY

EDWARD DICKINSON

PROFESSOR OF THE HISTORY AND CRITICISM OF MUSIC, OBERLIN COLLEGE

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1915

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TO

THE HONORED MEMORY

OF

FENELON B. RICE

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF HIS NOBLE SERVICE
TO MUSICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED

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I conceive art to be not an applied science, or a branch of industrial training, or yet an extreme refinement of culture study, but simply an indispensable means toward the achievement of that which is the end and object of education—namely, the building of character.

—Ralph Adams Cram.

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PRELUDE

IN A COLLEGE MUSIC ROOM

In his deserted classroom the "Professor of the History and Criticism of Music" (to use his ponderous and inadequate official title) was sitting, oppressed by the half-melancholy that comes over one who realizes that the year's task has suddenly ended. Nine happy months had flown by "on pinions of song." The recollections of the year, floating in the atmosphere of an art which supplants the world of shape and action with an inner world of gathering and dissolving forms, seemed hardly more actual than the phantasms of dreams. The silence of the building served to confirm this impression of the insubstantiality of the past. During the hours of the institution's activity this lecturer had been dimly conscious of a weird confusion of sounds from pianos, violins, and voices which, in spite of deafened walls and floors, made a hoarse, muffled tumult as they issued from the crevices of the doors, reverberated in the corridors, and, escaping through open windows, besieged him from the space outside. By virtue of a merciful provision of nature, his hearing had become

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indifferent to these incoherent vibrations, and they were no more to him than the murmur of the wind and the clamor of the distant streets. But now he was more aware of silence than he had been of noise, and the withdrawal of what had been a part of the very air he breathed gave an impression of something unnatural and ominous. He caught himself listening almost anxiously for footsteps that did not come; he fancied that to look into the dim, deserted corridors would start a sense of fear, for a sort of ghostly presence seemed to lurk in them, as in a deserted house after a funeral.

As the moments passed the occupant of this solitude slowly awoke to a consciousness of the existence of another world than the ideal one in which so much of his daily existence had been absorbed. The clatter of hoofs and wheels upon the pavement, which had often been an irritating distraction, seemed now to have lost its harshness. He distinguished human voices, mingled with the warble of birds; and as they were borne to him upon the soft June breeze they lay lightly upon his spirit, in soothing contrast to the stress of those tones which fatigue the mind when it strains to grasp the principle of order in their whirling forms. For art — music even more, it would seem, than literary or plastic expression — demands of her votaries a putting forth of energies of which they are commonly unaware until she withdraws and relinquishes the jaded nerves to the gentler ma-

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nipulations of nature. Then reaction comes, an apathy more or less prolonged, until in place of one life lost another life is gained.

It takes time, however, to effect the reconciliation, and hence the closing of the college year, so longed for by the wearied brain, brought with it that depression which often accompanies a slackening of wonted energies. With the removal of the former tension there came a sort of mental numbness, so that even the anticipation of rest was not distinct enough to give positive pleasure. There was a confusion in his mind in the jostling of vague recollections and equally vague premonitions. He felt a need of readjustment, but his faculties were too relaxed to spring at once to the seizure of the new occasion. Habit suggested continued labor, but the silence of the building, the glare of the June sun, the flutter of the lilac leaves which beckoned to him over the window-ledge, the revulsion of mood after the good-by words to the class, the sadness with which he watched those year-long companions, most of whom he would never see again, pass out and disappear — all these sensations gathered upon him like a spell and dulled his brain as with the hovering of invisible, hypnotizing hands. The year had gone, indeed, and the dark cavern of the past had swallowed it up forever.

At last the lecturer — a lecturer no longer, but just a plain human being — roused himself, went to the window, and looked out into the great, open

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world. The radiant, opulent summer seemed to meet him with joyous invitations. The dazzling sunshine, the quivering masses of green, the glistening clouds soaring like happy winged creatures in the expanse of blue, the warm tide of the wind flowing with rhythmic rise and fall from immeasurable spaces, all the seductions of the season of unspeakable glory took quick possession of his soul. The world of the classroom seemed to slip away and merge with the infinite existence, and he awoke to perceive that there is somehow a vital relation of the one to the other. All our acts, he said to himself, are bound by invisible fibres to every other act under the universal sun. He truly lives who recognizes the unity of all life. We try to isolate our vocation and develop it along its own special lines, but nature knows no such exclusion. Rightly to specialize means to emphasize, not to detach. Every activity of ours is like a part in a complex web of counterpoint — it goes its own way and has its own individual rhythm, but finds its full significance only in its union with other activities which combine to form a living whole.

The thoughts of maturity, like the thoughts of youth, are "long, long thoughts." Not merely are they unbounded by conditions of space, but they outrun the speed of time. And so the weary lecturer, refreshed by the splendor of the exhaustless sun and the touch of the tireless wind, was aroused to fresh mental activity, and as his mind

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swept over the past year the classroom events seemed to leap back and gather into a focus where he could view them from a new point of vantage. There is no question that the annual release which the professional teacher enjoys is a benefit in more ways than one, not the least being the opportunity it gives him to hold his subject at arm's length and measure it against the background of general human interests. Under this scrutiny his special task need not shrink; rather should it dilate, as it is seen in relations long unsuspected, making its own unique contribution to the larger life that surrounds it by means of affiliations it finds there, which in turn give back to it the sustenance necessary for its own wholesome development.

> "All are needed by each one;
> Nothing is fair or good alone."

Fortunate is the specialist who learns this lesson. It is a lesson of tolerance and true estimate of obligation. He will know how to reach outside of his main interest for richer sources of supply, and his work will receive a revitalization that will give assurance of finer issues. He will not lower his respect for his own peculiar business; rather will he enhance it, since the honor he pays to other tasks he will feel he has a right to demand for his own. Strictly speaking, there is no less nor more in human service, provided that each man's labor

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be suited to his talent and performed with sincerity and reverence. Nothing that is good can be spared; the thing that seemed trivial may be the very thing that was needed to make the whole complete. We must only see to it that there shall be no collisions or cross-purposes, each task in a clear field playing its own free part in the furtherance of the common weal.

It is often surprising to see how quickly sanity of spirit is recovered when one looks beyond the fact in quest of its relations. As this promoter of the love of music saw his beloved employment retreating into the background and taking its place among other interests as great or greater, he realized that he was not isolated — as one often feels that one is when the whole energy is thrown into the single work in hand — but, as a member of the large board of college administration, responsible with his colleagues for the well-being of the whole institution. His ambition had been to develop his department to the utmost and win for it a commanding position, but as a conscientious and liberal person he must also consider other claims, feeling, in the vision of the larger life which had come to him, that he must justify to himself, on the highest grounds, the effort which he had been somewhat aggressively making to establish art as a necessity in the college world.

Brooding over the problem in the stillness of his deserted lecture-room, this devotee of music,

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grateful for what his beloved art had done for him, and also cordially recognizing the deference due to other minds of different experience from his own, began to formulate his convictions of the true relationship between his own department and the whole mechanism of college life. For he felt that his duty required not only that he cultivate the love of music in his pupils, but that he also adjust the results of his teaching to other disciplines, so that out of his effort, in correspondence with the efforts of other guides, a unity of intellectual life should proceed. He believed that this unity could be achieved, but under what conditions and by what methods? Like the French philosopher, he must be allowed to say, "I cultivate my garden"; but at the same time he must look over the bounds of the little estate that is given him to till, and find inspiration and direction for his labors in the adaptation of his husbandry to the issues of the greater harvest.

Thus there opened to this student of musical values a task worthy of his leisure in the golden summer-time. What more profitable employment in hours of meditation among the hills or by the ocean shore than to review the discoveries which the years had brought him, and make his course of life clearer thereafter by studying out the real function of his particular wheel in the big machine? Even at the very moment of insight a multitude of ideas began to press upon him, and in the thoughtful weeks that ensued they drew to them-

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selves many winged companions, and all at last shaped themselves into the conclusions which are set down in the lines that follow.

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PART I

THE COLLEGE AND THE FINE ARTS

I

If the college could be considered an epitome of the world, a microcosm in which the activities of human life operate in duplicate upon a reduced scale, then the assignment of a place to the fine arts would not be difficult, since the part played by art in civilization is plainly shown by history. But the college is not that. Life moves there under certain peculiar conditions, in which the organization is more rigid, the aims more methodically formulated, the problem, on the whole, more simple than in the world outside, because administered by a permanent unified body whose authority is unquestioned and whose decrees follow a very distinct line of time-honored precedent. The moral conditions within the academic walls are plainly differentiated from those without in this respect, that while the procedure of nature, where she acts freely, is to devise obstructions that shall make the path to spiritual and intellectual attainment as difficult as possible, with the expectation of multitudinous failures, the effort of

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the college is to remove all moral obstructions, and if it rears intellectual impediments it makes haste to show the most efficient and speedy way by which they may be surmounted. The method of the world is to discipline, and also to eliminate, by temptation; the method of the college, like that of the family, is to keep evil enticement far away, and to establish certain wholesome tastes and habits, so that when the assaults of temptation come the soul may be provided with armor that is proof against them. The college, indeed, is often in doubt concerning the amount of freedom to be allowed, but that there is a sharp limit to freedom there is never any question. At the same time the college strives to give its young disciples heart for the coming struggle, and to touch their eyes with the magic ointment that shall make clear their vision of ultimate values. Protection, instruction, inspiration — these are the benefits which the college is organized to offer. The world offers two of them, and these it does not enforce by any external compulsion, but simply provides them for him who builds his own castle, assigns his own lessons, and courts his own muse.

The broadest conception of the function of a college takes no account of the everlasting dispute over the "cultural" *vs.* the "vocational" aim of college training. There is one vocation, appointed to all men if they will accept it, with which the college is supremely concerned — that vocation, embracing all others, which is found in the constant

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appropriation of whatever will promote the full life of the soul. The cultivation of any special aptitude draws its sanction ultimately from that; its highest worth consists in the contribution it makes to that. The development of the noblest powers of intellect and spirit is not one thing and the "vocation" another thing. "Resolutely to live in the good, the beautiful, and the complete" is culture, and the implicit if not verbally expressed purpose of every college, no matter how much its courses may be shaped for "practical" ends, is to enable the vocational training, through the efficiency it induces, to minister to this fulness of life, not merely in the individual, but also in the society to which he belongs. The most ardent advocates of courses that "prepare directly for success in life" are undoubtedly more liberal than the common interpretation of their dogma which they often seem to encourage, and in their hearts would not object to President Nicholas Murray Butler's assertion that "what science and practical life alike need is not narrow men but broad men sharpened to a point." Neither could they well take exception to William E. Gladstone's protest against that theory of education "which gloats upon success in life instead of studying to secure that the man shall always be greater than his work." The enormous opportunities afforded by the present age, emphasizing the idea of work for the conquest of the material world, have reacted against the old idealism and have greatly

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altered the traditional conception of academic education; but still another reaction toward a new idealism, which will not renounce these conquests but will use them to higher ends, if not already present, will surely appear when the base results of selfish material aggrandizement are made evident. Then comes the problem of the union of two motives which are often held at variance — the development of individual efficiency in order to avoid waste of energy, and the culture of the full, free personality for the sake of the highest satisfaction and the completest service. It may be gladly admitted that no institution of learning, not even the most technical of technical schools, ever wishes its graduates to become detached machines, grinding out a product that has no relation to the producer's real life, and be content with that; but rather that they shall merge their trade in the one great business of society, whose highest aim lies not in the mastery of the earth's resources for the increase of wealth and physical comfort, but in granting encouragement and opportunity to all its members who crave an individual life that is rich, various, and in harmony with its best instincts. To contribute to the working out of this destiny for the individual and the state involves and requires culture.

This culture — which, it need hardly be said, has nothing to do with any kind of dilettante exclusiveness, but recognizes every human aspiration — this culture, the development of something

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which is to act as a driving force upon the machinery of the special discipline, is the aim, even though sometimes unconscious, not only of the collective college establishment but of every separate course of study. In our loose phraseology we discriminate between "practical" and "cultural" courses, or, as the latter are sometimes called, "courses in appreciation." But every college study, if the instructor is really alive to its relations, is a course in appreciation. Strange, is it not, that this phrase should be commonly confined to lectures upon art! The value of any college course is not in the meagre quantity of facts gathered in a semester or two; neither is it in the sharpening of certain acquisitive faculties, but rather in the vision it creates, the imagination it kindles, the mental and moral bracing it affords through the presentation of stimulating ideals. Nothing is isolated; nothing is known except in its relations; every physical and mental activity, however slender, plays its part in feeding the universal stream of tendency. The scientific courses are often considered as peculiarly, even exclusively, practical; but one who possesses the view of science presented by John Tyndall, in his famous address on "The Scientific Use of the Imagination," knows that science is poetic, that every single discovery leads to a new mystery and a larger generalization, that the true study of science enhances the joy of living and kindles a sort of cosmic emotion in the ardor of research. And

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so we might go through the list: philosophy, history, economics, languages, and all the rest — every one of them is a course in appreciation, and even the teacher who is most imbued with the vocational idea cannot, unless he is the paltriest kind of a pedant, prevent his course from being a culture course. Stevenson must have had some such thought as this behind his words when he said: "So far from its being difficult to instruct while you amuse, it is difficult to do the one thoroughly without the other." Here the word "amuse" is to be interpreted in the largest sense, as implying first the delight that springs from the normal exercise of any faculty and the gratification of curiosity (the scholar's ever-present motive), and in the second place the exultation that comes when a new fact opens a wider vista in the outlook upon life. "To miss the joy is to miss all."

II

The result above described, although inevitable in study that is really worth the name, has not usually been considered the primary aim in the traditional college scheme. Indeed, there is an impression in many college faculties that any course that distinctly gives pleasure to those who elect it is, on the whole, to be looked upon with distrust. The traditional college standard is, in a word, austere. But, behold, in these latter days, a novel order of subjects is applying for entrance

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into the college domain — coming not with trumpets and banners, but stealthily, as claimants not quite sure of their indorsement by the college immigration commission, which admits or excludes according to its view of the antecedents and promise of the solicitor. What assurance do music and the drama and the representative arts offer of co-operative harmony with the college ideal? They are certainly quite unlike, externally at least, those intellectual pursuits demanding research and memory, in which strenuous discipline for tangible results is the paramount purpose and joy in the immediate presentation a secondary and hardly recognized consideration. For the fine arts offer pleasure as their guerdon: they are crowned with beauty and delight is their apparel, and the smile upon their faces seems to promise rewards that have nothing in common with that mental and moral toughening which the conventional disciplines assure to those who faithfully undergo their ordeal. Even the most serious advocate of the arts is obliged to admit that the enjoyment of them is, or seems to be, involved in an attitude of passive contemplation instead of an active exercise of volition; that if they afford discipline the word must be used not in its customary sense; that the object which in the scientific courses is primary is with them secondary, if it appears at all; that the development of taste, discrimination, and artistic feeling, in which their value lies, is purely an inward personal matter and cannot

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be discovered by the current academic tests or measured by the ordinary marking system. For in respect to things of beauty love is the preliminary condition, and more love the constant aim, and how can the student prove to an examiner's satisfaction the possession of a thing that can only be spiritually discerned? Examinations may be successfully passed upon form, technique, history, and biography, but those matters are merely accessory; they may assist in appreciation to a certain extent, but a student may have them all at his tongue's end and at the same time be bankrupt so far as any real æsthetic asset is concerned. It is plain that courses that appeal to an innate capacity for feeling, and exact comparatively little in the way of investigation and memory, must stand in a class by themselves, and that they call upon the austere college preceptors to do what they are most reluctant to do — that is, take the results on trust.

III

In their claim for recognition the fine arts appeal to the faith — now become ancient and orthodox — in the trinity of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, "friends to man, who never can be sundered without tears." Has not the college often seemed to sunder them, misunderstanding their mutual dependence because of imperfect definition of terms, misconceiving especially the real essence and office of beauty? At last, however,

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a palpable change is coming over our American institutions of learning, and it is most interesting to see how the desire of beauty is growing within them. In comparing the early college buildings with those of later date, the difference in costliness is indeed enormous, but that is not the important difference. Beauty was often absent from the old dormitories and recitation halls, not because it was expensive (although the limited financial resources must be taken into account), but because it was not deemed necessary. There survived the tradition of asceticism, the dim association of learning with a mediæval ideal of self-mortification, with the monk's cell, which for many generations was its only home, with the vow of poverty, the coarse robe, the wooden bowl. In later years there has been a notable change in this conception as the scholar has ceased to be looked upon as a member of an exclusive and privileged class. This transition from the scholar as clerk to the scholar as man of the world, involved "in the tide of life, in action's storm," has strikingly altered the whole ideal and method of the collegiate establishment. There can be no doubt that the process of bringing the college into closer touch with the outer life, one of whose tokens is the increase of luxury and the pride of adornment — coinciding with the tendency which has gone so far to break down the old separateness of collegiate training and force it into the stream that makes for increased social comfort and material acquisitions — has

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worked parallel to the decline of emphasis upon the things of the mind, of which many of our censors within and without the college so bitterly complain, even if the two phenomena are not actually connected as cause and effect.

It follows that in many opinions the increasing devotion that is paid to the arts, with their primary appeal to the senses and the unchastened emotion, should be resisted as an influence that is still further debilitating. For, while Tennyson may have been right in saying that the triune sisterhood cannot be sundered without tears, the fact remains that while goodness and truth bear inevitable connotations of beauty, beauty does not inevitably bear connotations of goodness and truth. Beauty is not altogether "its own excuse for being," as Emerson declared, since she may lend her allurements to unworthy ends, while to attribute any such infirmity to goodness and truth would be to indulge in a contradiction in terms. The rancorous sensualist of Browning's fancy, who ordered his tomb in St. Praxed's Church, might have found a counterpart in the humanist of his day whose mind was bent on the acquisition of learning, but not in one who sought for truth. Goodness and truth are sufficient ends in themselves; beauty not necessarily so. She is also a means, and we must look beyond her. Beauty, therefore, is rightly required to justify herself, for we find in the brilliant periods of art that beauty, while often the handmaid of good, has also lent herself to serv-

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ices not noble; that in affording her powerful aid to the stimulation and the gratification of desires she has often held herself indifferent to the ethical consequences of her action. And yet, in the fact that we involuntarily attribute loveliness to truth and goodness, we implicitly ascribe a divine sanction to the spirit of beauty. These apparent contradictions bewilder us, and in our confusion we seem almost driven to the paradox of the Irish poet in his judgment upon love, and, challenging the college attitude toward beauty, we are tempted to exclaim:

"How wise were you to open not! — and yet
How poor if you should turn her from the door!"

IV

This hesitation arises from certain imperfect preconceptions concerning the nature of beauty which are inherited from an ancestry in whose eyes the charms of art seemed to conflict with the stern claims of the moral law. We may escape from the difficulty by enlarging our definitions. If beauty and art mean to us only what they mean to voluptuaries who cherish art as an exclusive gratification which releases them from their rightful share in the struggle and pain of life, then is art, indeed, a dangerous seducer or at best a means of cowardly escape from the realities which call upon us to sacrifice our private comfort for the

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sake of the common good. But if art and beauty are to us what they have been to the sages — the Platos, the Goethes, the Emersons — who saw that some of the highest aspirations of human life cannot be fulfilled without their aid; if we try to conceive how much less would be our knowledge of ourselves and our copartners of the ages if heart and soul had never found utterance in the symbols created by the Dantes, the Michelangelos, the Shakespeares, the Rembrandts, and the Beethovens; or if the temple and cathedral builders had never been moved to put their visions into form; if, most of all, we apprehend the nature of the ministry which art, wisely fashioned and patriotically administered, may perform in the service of an ideal commonwealth — then are we relieved of our distrust and we see how we have been misled by the purblind guides who would restrict art to functions which touch only the surface of things. Art, like any agency constituted for the common benefit, may easily be perverted to special and selfish ends. It has been seized upon as a sort of private booty for the further stimulation of those desires which find in money the sole condition of satisfaction. It has been appropriated by the privileged classes, made expressive of aristocratic ideas, as in the later French Renaissance, so that æsthetic refinement and the extreme of decorative splendor have coincided with utter debasement of the largest section of the community — Versailles, in its pompous grandeur and delicate softness of man-

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ners, looking out upon a surrounding squalor and brutishness like that of the Stone Age. It is these contrasts, not so much the sensuous allurements of the art itself, that have produced those reactions upon character which have excited so much iconoclastic rage and moral denunciation. The separation of art from the common life does not come from inherent necessity, as though beauty and useful labor were mutually repellent. The powerful and grasping have seized upon the means by which beauty is made operative, as they have seized upon the natural products of the earth, and have appropriated them for their own exclusive behoof. Again and again has the spirit of art rebelled against this monopoly — temporarily and incompletely, but at times with sufficient success to prove that beauty is a universal desire, and that with freedom of opportunity every phase of human activity may take possession of it and find not only pleasure but actual co-operation in the partnership. For beauty, when rightly understood, is recognized as an inevitable accompaniment of all healthful growth. We have only to open our eyes upon a May morning to see that beauty is the token of expanding life, that nothing is ugly except abortiveness and decay. When we turn to history we learn that every culminating period of art coincided with a manifestation of national energy in some other direction, as in commerce, discovery, internal development, or conquest; that there is no such thing as decadent art except as

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certain technical agencies of expression have loosened themselves from the progressive tendencies of the time, and have been feebly used to maintain a momentary semblance of life when real vitality had been exhausted.

There is no human need, individual or collective, that cannot be expressed in beautiful form. And it is in the very truth and freedom of the expression, its fitness to the sincere impulse, that its essential beauty lies. It is inevitable, therefore, that art should be demanded by democracy just as soon as it is realized that art is not, in very nature, the special prerogative of any class or institution. Democracy, when properly instructed, or even when left to the free exercise of its instincts, soon learns that the play of those social forces of which democracy is the outcome and the efficient agent naturally issues in manifestations which react upon the spiritual element in man. More life, richer life, higher life is spontaneously demanded as soon as political and social repressions are removed. Beauty is sought because life does not seem complete without it. Just as soon as democracy acquires self-consciousness and becomes aware that its attainment is not complete just because certain institutional and legal machinery has been put in operation, then democracy sets itself to solve the unavoidable question — how shall the new conditions promote those ends in which alone the higher capacities of man can find their lasting satisfaction? The instant the problem is clearly

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perceived to be insistently present art begins to lend its hand, for art, however it may be perversely employed for pride and vainglory, is, nevertheless, everywhere and at all times, a testimony to the spirit that created it, and finds its final value to the beholder as a revelation of a spiritual power. If in a democracy the controlling forces make for the general welfare, as in a true democracy they must, then there will appear a democratic art which will rise to a higher term than art has heretofore known in its historic evolution, because it will spring from the popular consciousness and exalt the life of the whole.

V

Signs of a rebirth of art in this country have been caught by many observers who at the same time profess their faith in an impending forward movement toward the attainment of a nobler democracy. Emerson, writing in 1870, felt the need but saw little ground for confidence. The great historic works of art, the cathedrals, the Madonnas of Raphael and Titian, tragedy, "the miracles of music," "all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm and never out of dilettanteism and holidays. Now they languish because their purpose is merely exhibition." "In this country other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish." Our wants "are superficial

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wants and their fruits are superficial institutions." But, as the seer asserts himself again, he exclaims: "Yet, as far as they accelerate the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man." The time which Emerson foresaw, guaranteed by his faith in human nature, is perhaps nearer than he dreamed. Mr. John Galsworthy has lately written: "I cannot help thinking that historians, looking back from the far future, will record this age as the Third Renaissance. Just as in the Greek Renaissance worn-out Pagan orthodoxy was penetrated by a new philosophy; just as in the Italian Renaissance Pagan philosophy, reasserting itself, fertilized again an already too inbred Christian creed; so now Orthodoxy, fertilized by Science, is producing a fresh and fuller conception of life — a love of Perfection, not for hope of reward, not for fear of punishment, but for Perfection's sake. Slowly, under our feet, beneath our consciousness, is forming that new philosophy, and it is in times of new philosophies that Art, itself in essence always a discovery, must flourish."

Mr. W. B. Worsfold finds in the very evolution of an industrialism which has been hitherto considered inevitably repressive of art and culture the assurance of a new sphere for their action among the masses. "The demand for the limi-

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tation of the hours of labor and for the provision of extended opportunities for mental culture, which together form one of the foremost of the ideals of modern democracy, receives a new significance when we recognize the biological basis for the connection between art and leisure. For scientific analysis makes it plain that æsthetic enjoyment, whether in the individual or in the community, is only possible when there is 'an organization so superior that the energies have not to be wholly expended in the fulfilment of material requirements from hour to hour.'—(*Herbert Spencer*). Æsthetic activity, therefore, depends directly upon the economic management of the physical and mental faculties; and, since political, social, and biological development alike tends to produce this result, it is clear that, with the progress of humanity, art and literature will occupy an increasingly important place in the life of man. Democracy, therefore, instead of destroying must tend to foster Art." "The time has come," he goes on to say, "when art and literature are no longer the property of the few, but when, in fact, they are as intimately a part of the life of civilized peoples as they were in the age of Pericles; and therefore the identity of their spirit with the spirit of the truest thought and the highest conduct — which Plato asserted to be the true relation between them and the life of man — seems no longer impossible of realization, but has, on the contrary, come to be regarded as the natural goal of their development."

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"In America," said F. W. H. Myers, "the rule has passed to the multitude, largely swayed in subordinate matters by organized wealth, but in the last resort supreme. The ideal of the new community at first was wealth; but, as its best literature and its best society plainly show, that ideal is shifting in the direction of culture. The younger cities, the coarser classes, still bow down undisguisedly to the god Dollar; but when this philistine deity is rejected as shaming his worshippers, æsthetic culture seems somehow the only power ready to install itself in the vacant shrine."

To permeate a vast commonwealth like ours with a desire for beauty in daily life, and to bring to all the people forms of art suited to their capacities and needs, would seem an impossible task, and the most hopeful vision could hardly claim to foresee the time when all the dark places will be illumined. And yet it is unsafe to set any metes and bounds to progress when one considers what has already been done. Every one of the multifarious endeavors to ameliorate the lot of the toilers and bring to them higher motives and opportunities awakes in them a new sense of the value of life, and whatever stimulates life in a wholesome fashion involves the expression of life, and this expression either takes artistic form or else creates dispositions out of which come natural issues of comeliness and order. In fact, whatever makes for physical and spiritual health, answering to an inherent need of expansion, is beautiful, and

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when it realizes itself in permanent form that form is æsthetic.

It does not follow, however, that this more or less blind impulse among masses of people will produce what is refined and profitable without aid from more learned sources. The people at large do not compose or paint or build or poetize. Democratic art does not mean an art that takes form as the spontaneous result of a diffused and unregulated instinct. Such an art does, indeed, appear in the folk-song and folk-festival, but only in primitive social conditions and in a homogeneous group, and beyond this early stage the impulse is either arrested or it develops along specialized lines under the management of individual talents. This specialized art rapidly becomes aristocratic, and, except in such exceptional conditions as those of the period of the Gothic cathedral builders, the mass of the people withdraw from any participation in art production and, in a multitude of instances, from any share in its benefits. In a commercial age like ours, when at the same time vast numbers of people seek relief from labor in the most accessible means for entertainment, the advantage is taken by speculators, who, under the pretense of giving the people what they want, humbug their patrons by making them believe that they want just what their exploiters can furnish at the greatest pecuniary profit to themselves. There is not and there never was a community so degraded that its taste could not be raised

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whenever an honest attempt was made in that direction. It follows that improvement of public taste, which goes along with improvement in health and morals, can always be effected where wise and unselfish efforts are made toward that end. There is one species of organized benevolence which has already found the true method and begun to put it into practice, and that is the work of the Social Settlements. These establishments are bringing music, the drama, and many forms of art practice directly to those who have been deprived of this their birthright — showing the way to the democratization of art in the only way it can be democratized, viz., by bringing the contributions of the aristocracy of intellect and genius to the people in a form and upon terms which procure a general acceptance. For intellect and genius, although it constitutes a class, reaches over the boundaries of class whenever it finds a qualified order of mediators. Its messages prove to be not exclusive but universal when the proper interpretation is secured, and the third estate proves by its response, when the experiment is fairly tried, that the enjoyment of beautiful things is not a boon which nature has restricted, and that special privilege in the gratification of intellectual taste, as well as in the acquisition of wealth, is inconsistent with the democratic ideal.

Provision for the popular need must be made, in the first instance, by those to whom has been given the insight and the opportunity. Develop-

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ment of the love of beauty in art must be made — as it is being made — an essential element in popular education. It is the function of the various agencies that exist for the benefit of the masses — social settlements, women's clubs, municipal departments concerned with public recreation, above all, perhaps, colleges and schools. The latter have this advantage, that they are concerned with education alone and are never compelled to compromise. Not only that, but out of their halls come the teachers who must be leaders in the cause of culture — men and women whose taste must itself be rightly grounded and who are instructed in the methods by which art in its purity may be disseminated. The college is required by its very relation to the community to be both a beacon tower of culture and a training-ground for those who are to carry the light into the dark places.

VI

In the inevitable process of adaptation to the changing demands of the age the colleges are compelled, from time to time, to add new departments to the curriculum, and a comparison of their present catalogues with those of twenty or thirty years ago will show that, while they have been conservative, they have not been ultra-conservative. In view of their responsibilities as guardians as well as discoverers of truth, their caution must, on the whole, be held a virtue. But

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that they should have so conspicuously lagged behind in the advancement of art culture that even now many of them give little or no opportunity to their students to acquire knowledge of the wonderful history of art or its significance, to develop appreciation and judgment in respect to the achievements of fine art that are accumulating around them, or to contribute intelligently to those cultural movements which are already giving a new aspect to the national life — all this seems to call for explanation. The most evident reason for the neglect of interests which have been universal in history, and which have a vital relationship to essential elements in human character and its social development, is that until recently there has been no understanding on the part of the people, or even on the part of those who have been most influential in determining the direction of national effort, that æsthetic interests *are* universal and have a vital relation to essential elements in individual and collective progress. The early colonists had no such conviction — the most aggressive factor, the Puritans, least of all; and later the conflicts of the Revolutionary and constitutional periods, the bitter political struggles accompanying the period of territorial expansion, and after the Civil War the absorption of the most militant energies in the organization of vast industrial enterprises and the accumulation of wealth — these circumstances were distinctly unfavorable to the culture of art. Not only that, but these events and tend-

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encies produced a national type of mind that was unreceptive to the delicate, esoteric culture of art. Associations of feebleness were attached to the words æsthetic, ideal, connoisseur, because these terms stood for an idea which was not associated with anything that was inherent in the national character or the national history. The only art that was in any way known to the people was foreign, not indigenous. It had no root in the subsoil of national consciousness and tradition. It was imported, artificial, not consecrated by associations with the growth of national ideals. Hence the cultivation of art was confined to a few who looked abroad rather than at home for models and inspiration. Their work, for lack of popular sympathy and co-operation, retained for many decades a restricted, dilettante character, chiefly, in spite of notable exceptions, imitative, narrow, and timid. It is only very recently that we see signs of the growth of an art that can arouse the interest of the people at large and be accepted by them as an expression of a need which they feel as Americans who have a destiny that is peculiarly their own.

The great awakening has come — the advance in the appreciation of art, its production by native genius, its application to the promotion of civic and industrial progress, is proceeding in America with a rapidity unparalleled in history, and yet the colleges as a whole still hesitate and demur. The current sweeps around them, pro-

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ducing wonderful changes in the national life, and they give but little more heed to it than they did to the doctrine of evolution forty years ago. It cannot be that they are ignorant of the place that art has held in the great civilizations of the past, but they are not yet under strong conviction in regard to the place it is to hold in the near future. More than all else as a cause of delay — there is still a disposition among the leaders in the higher education to underrate the importance of those factors in human consciousness to which the fine arts appeal. They do not realize how large a part the faculties of æsthetic appreciation and imagination, and the capacities for emotional enjoyment play in human welfare. The service of art, it is well understood, is to give delight, and the average college educator cannot rid himself of the notion that anything that gives delight must come easily, and therefore ought to be excluded from the rigid college scheme, or else relegated to a subordinate position. Hence the neglect of the imagination and the feeling, and the almost exclusive weight thrown upon observation, reasoning, and memory, especially the latter. To use Mr. Frederic Harrison's phrases: the college government cannot "purge education from its purely intellectual connotation" and take it to mean "the training of the heart, of the emotion, of character, as well as the training of the understanding."

There is no plainer illustration of this tendency to sacrifice the inculcation of spirit to form than

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the methods of dealing with poetry which have prevailed in many colleges, universities, and secondary schools: the true service of poetry — to arouse the spiritual perceptions, reveal the fundamentals of life and quicken the sense of beauty — being ignored in behalf of grammar, philology, metrics, literary and historic allusions — things that can be made the subjects of examinations. Poetry, being a fine art, is the result of the union of a soul with something that it contemplates, and it is hard for a teacher to find any way of getting at the subjective factor in the case and drawing it out for scrutiny. And so, if the primary element in poetry is sufficient unto itself in making its appeal, if the deep things of poetry must be intuitively discerned if discerned at all, what is there for the professor to do except to add some elocutionary skill, which he may fortunately possess, to the reading of poetry to his class and then leave it to work its own way? Of course there is much more for him to do than that, but he must be a good deal of a poet himself to do it, even if "wanting the faculty of verse," and hence the sufficient teacher of poetry is a rare phenomenon.

Here is the centre of the problem — the first necessity and the tantalizing difficulty. A complete education includes the nurture of the intuitive powers, the cultivation of the instincts which spring to meet those spiritual communications which cannot be analyzed or weighed or measured, cannot even be demonstrated by one

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who feels them to one who feels them not — intuitions and latent capacities which blend with the active faculties to compose the full life of the reason. No serious thinker will disregard the needs of the emotional nature. "What sort of science is that," exclaimed Thoreau, "which enriches the understanding but robs the imagination?" The real man is found not in what he does, not even in what he thinks, but in what he feels. "As for a thought," says Maeterlinck, "it may be deceptive, but the love wherewith we have loved it will surely return to our soul. . . . It is the feelings awakened in us by thought that ennoble and brighten our life." Feeling is the very essence of self-consciousness; it tests the worth of every experience; it is the organ that apprehends the reality that underlies all external phenomena. Emotion is inseparably allied with that power which enables the subject to co-ordinate perceptions and create out of isolated experiences an actuality which corresponds to certain innate demands of his spiritual nature. This power, when it perceives new relationships and shapes them into the embodiment of an idea, becomes creative imagination; and when it perceives the significance of another's creation and appropriates that to the satisfaction of its own spiritual needs it becomes sympathetic imagination. In either case the imagination forbids the mind to remain content with analysis; it constantly seeks a synthesis, and the warrant of the value of this synthesis is found in terms of the

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emotional reaction. Imagination constantly enlarges life by suffusing it with emotion, leading from the experience of a single faculty to the experience of the whole nature. This consciousness, to which one's whole being vibrates, is inevitably attended by joy, and hence it is that the function of art is universally and rightly held to be to give delight. There is the delight of the artist — of him who exercises creative imagination; and there is the delight of the art-lover — of him who exercises sympathetic imagination. The delight of the latter may be even more wholesome and unselfish than that of the former, for in his contemplation he escapes from his own native limitations into another and possibly higher experience, finding fellowship not only with the artist's mind but also with all minds that receive the same communication and share the same uplift. The service of works of art is, therefore, a liberating service. This healthful stimulus is most completely afforded by those works of art which embody truths that lie nearest to the basis of a common human nature. Their educative power lies in the fact that they give us truth in distinct concrete form, so adapted to our natural perceptions that they not only convince but also persuade and compel the allegiance of our sympathy. The concrete is always more efficient as a stimulating influence than the abstract. Generalized appeals, description of right feelings, and exhortations to feel in a certain way because it is right so to feel have little effect upon

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us. "Art and literature," says President Henry C. King, "make an appeal that no abstract principle or ideal can make. We can never speak in general. We can never act in general. We can never be good in general. It is all in particulars. We have no way of expressing a general principle but by putting it into some definite, concrete, individual action. Now art and literature give us always such a concrete embodiment of an ideal, and so approach the strongest of all influences — the influence of a person."

We are educated by experiences that attach to previous experiences, and not by mere assertions that may be true for him who makes them but have no meaning for us unless they find a counterpart in our minds. Through the sympathetic imagination we enter into the thing brought before us and take possession. Everything that thus awakens the sympathetic imagination has an educational potency. Its permanence depends upon the feeling it excites. Feelings are the material of character. It is of supreme importance, therefore, that the chosen objects which exercise an emotional power over us should be such as stimulate the emotion to healthful activity — an activity that does not merely turn back upon itself but desires to go forward into some profitable deed. Such objects arouse a love of that which elevates and refines and seeks a channel outward into life. Works of art are not isolated from the lives of their creators or from our own life. They are experiences. A

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love for one of them, whether it be a work that is good or bad, draws it into ourselves; it becomes forever a part of us, it is an item in the formation of character. What more serious factor in education can be found than in those works of literature and art in which great artists have incorporated their visions, their longings, their great human sympathies? And is it not an advantage that students have a right to demand, that these messages from the most gifted, the most representative, minds of the race shall be brought before them and enabled, by the help of wise introduction, to act the humanizing part for which they were designed?

VII

If the young men and women of the college were receiving no æsthetic impressions at all outside their prescribed studies the question would be somewhat different from what it is. But they are constantly receiving them from a multitude of sources, not only within the college circle, but still more the moment they step beyond it. These external impressions are derived from the amusements which have taken so large a place in American life, and from the outdoor objects which the cities and towns offer the observer at every turn — some beautiful, the vast majority ugly. In addition to the undesirable influences that everywhere lie in wait, there are, happily, concerts, plays, and art exhibitions, besides fine buildings and monu-

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ments, whose impressions are capable of exerting the best service if one knew how to apply a discriminating judgment. The college should recognize the fact that a process of æsthetic change is constantly going on in the minds of its young people for better or worse, and if the regulation of these preferences is of any importance in education it is the plain duty of the college to afford some guidance, in order that the higher tendencies may be reinforced in their conflict with the lower.

It is undeniable that the baser attractions are more powerful than ever before in the sphere in which the youth of this country habitually dwell. To say nothing of other causes — certain mechanical inventions, such as the electric motor, the cinematograph, the phonograph, have made places of amusement and the least intellectual kinds of entertainment cheap and easily accessible to practically the entire population. In this age, when almost everything of general use is syndicated, irresponsible exploiters have grasped the business of public amusement, and, having no motive except the making of money, their method consists in engaging the senses before reflection has had a chance to effect a delay in the acceptance of the lure, and in taking advantage of the passion for novelty which grows by what it feeds on. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that while large masses of people are demanding æsthetic gratification, and will have it, good or bad, organizations that are free from the commercial tempta-

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tion should bestir themselves to make head against the influences that work for the degradation of intelligence. That they are doing so is one of the most cheering signs of the times. We see the cities, one after another, organizing Independence Day and Christmas pageants, municipal art museums springing up everywhere, one of them, the Toledo Museum, setting the magnificent example of an art gallery built by popular subscription, the children and factory laborers having a share. We see women's clubs entering into public activities, social settlements bringing the blessings of beauty to the poorest, public schools adorning their walls with works of art and establishing choruses, orchestras, and dramatic companies. All this and more is a token of the growth of a conception that the popular taste and wholesome recreation are as much an affair of the whole social group as hygiene or physical comfort.

In spite of these marks of progress, discordant notes fill the air, and even a slight amount of observation will show that the condition of affairs, even in the so-called higher circles, is still deplorable. Mr. William M. Reedy writes: "I know that the stage and the novel are getting to be coarse and vulgar, but they only reflect life. Our system of home training, our system of education, our system of commercial procedure, even much of our professional development — all is lacking in a foundation of taste and culture." Those who know the character of the music and verse most

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sung by our young people in their homes, the pictures they see in the newspapers (the only pictures that multitudes of them ever see), the kind of books they read, are aware that Mr. Reedy has much reason for his gloomy diagnosis. And the home and the school are primarily responsible. "The defect in our school life, as in our social life," says Mr. Percival Chubb, "that it communicates no quickening sense of the poetry of life, is inseparably bound up with its neglect of the emotions. Our education runs to brain and starves the feelings."

The antidote for the evil lies not in preaching or censorship but in offering better examples. "The only thing that can kill an idea," some one has said, "is another idea." The college exerts wholesome power over youth not merely by verbal teaching but by providing illustrations. "A spirit communicated," said Stevenson, "is a perpetual possession." In the presence of works of beauty there is constant hope: a virtue goes out from them that will win many hearts. It is a part of the mission of the college to bring to its students things that are pure and strong in literature, music, plastic art, and the drama, trusting to the power of suggestion to awaken a taste for what is lovely and of good report by means of direct contact with works that embody those qualities.

"There is [in our colleges]," says Mr. Percival Chubb again, "a great poverty of cultural resource, a lack of interest in the fine arts, in the best drama

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and music and the graphic arts. The university cannot consider its life and its plant complete without those agencies out of which the festival spirit and impulse would naturally grow — a theatre where the best plays may be seen and the best dramatic talent of the university utilized; a hall of music where the great classics of the art may be continually heard and the musical ability of the college students cultivated; a picture-gallery where some examples of the best art and copies of the great masters may be shown; a museum akin to the great museums of Germany, in which the finest and most interesting products of past civilization, products of all the arts and crafts, may be preserved. Only in this way may we standardize the taste and enrich the culture of our college students and develop that many-sidedness of interest in life on the basis of which specialism must achieve its best results."

The one thing needful is that the real significance of art, its necessity as demonstrated in history and modern life, should be revealed to college students in a convincing manner. They must be led to see that it is not a mere decoration and embellishment of life on the one side, nor on the other an inferior copy of something supposed to be greater, viz., Nature. They must be given opportunities to discover that art is a revelation of the human soul and in turn promotes the life of the soul by the suggestive incorporation of the ideal. They must be helped to believe that art furnishes them an

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instruction and a training that unite with the agencies of knowledge which they have accepted from childhood up, to form with these a unity of thought and experience.

There is no doubt that such lessons are learned with more difficulty by college men than by college women, and in such discussions as this college men are especially held in view. The recent progress of interests commonly called cultural has been greatly accelerated by the entrance of young women into the academic sphere; but even this fact, at first glance so conclusive as to the position of art in the college, may conceivably act, in many instances, unfavorably upon the masculine mind so far as the acceptance of higher æsthetic influences is concerned. For the young man of college age is naturally inclined to consider the superior sensitiveness to art and poetry on the part of his sisters as a further proof of the essential effeminacy of such tastes, and even be hardened in his philistine ways by the softer presence near which he dwells. This is a real obstacle and not to be despised. Whatever remedies there may be (and unquestionably a wise instruction in the history of art is the most effective), the art that is offered must be an art that manifestly reveals the strength and nobility of humanity. Let the young man find in painting, in poetry, in music something that is palpably akin to his own virile nature and he will give to it the pledge of brotherhood. It must appeal to him as having character and substance;

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daintiness, dilettanteism, preciosity are not in the line of the American college man. He must be made to see that a really earnest art is not the expression of anything that is inherently contrary to the good that he finds in his manly exercises. He must learn that beauty has very wide connotations — that it is to be sought in the gymnasium and the athletic field as well as in the picture-gallery; that health implies beauty and beauty health. Among the Greeks art was a national expression because it was the natural efflorescence of that physical and mental vigor and poise which had become the ideal of the race. There is no reason why the even balance of faculty, which is becoming the aim in American academic culture, should not involve an increasing desire for forms that are gratifying to the senses and emotions as well as to the understanding.

VIII

By bringing the fine arts into the college and university system these institutions will inevitably exert an influence upon the general course of art production by means of the standards of judgment which they will help to establish. Whether or no the art schools ever become allied with the colleges, the attitude of the college, from the very fact that it is the home of learning, its habit research and reflection, will be a critical, conservative attitude. Revolutionary tendencies often appear in the col-

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lege, but among the students rather than the faculty. The college almost invariably stands as an ally of the established order — this position being often reactionary and obstructive, but on the whole, no doubt, salutary. Its aim, through the methods of scholarship, is to make reason prevail, its temper one of caution and deliberation. In view of its responsibility to the young minds under its charge, it prefers to err, if at all, on the side of conservatism. What has been accomplished in any field of thought can be tested by its results; and in those branches of study in which opinion, as distinct from demonstration, holds sway (as, for instance, social science and ethics, where final solutions are as yet unattained and perhaps unattainable) the effort of instruction will be to impart ideas which experience deems sound, rather than to turn the mind loose upon an uncharted sea, exposed to all the winds of speculation. The new problems must, of course, be faced, but decision should be postponed until the mind is trained to perceive relations and weigh evidence. To achieve this result the method must be one that may be called, in general terms, the comparative method, and this implies a submission to prudent deliberation rather than surrender to passionate impulse. Hence, the tendency of college teaching is to seek authority and to defer to it.

To induce deference to this principle in the mind of ardent youth is becoming more and more difficult. The colleges have long ago ceased to be

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cloistered folds of meditation, if they ever were so in this country, and have become foci of many agitations that had their birthplace outside. No ideas, however heterodox, can be excluded. If the faculty do not furnish them the students will snatch them from the atmosphere, and often give them an application which the faculty would not encourage if they knew. This situation has imposed a new responsibility upon the college professor. He cannot remain an expounder of traditional conceptions to tractable and deferential youth. Authority, challenged in the church, sits somewhat insecurely upon its hereditary college throne. The professor must be alive to the movements of the age which do not emanate from the learned order to which he belongs. His business is to keep his own head steady and help his pupils to acquire habits of cautious scrutiny which, if they do not guarantee correct conclusion, are yet its primary condition.

One advantage at least the professor holds in his grasp — he can choose his text-book and his illustrations and he can assign readings that accord with his own opinions. His students, in their very criticism of his position, are to a large extent dependent upon the material which their would-be director furnishes. The use which the preceptor makes of this opportunity for leading his flock in his own chosen way is a test of his conscience and his wisdom. It depends upon whether he chooses to leave them free to seek the truth that hides, or

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to assume that truth is found and his disciples have only to feed upon it. The determination will rest upon certain conditions, such as the nature of the subject and the age and composition of the class. It is a fruitful subject for debate and need not be dwelt upon here. But in those departments in which æsthetic taste is in question a large amount of authority may be exercised without challenge. Certainly the instructor must not attempt to domineer over the individual preferences of his pupils — declaring, for instance, that Raphael or Bach must be admired and Monet or Debussy must not be — for love lies outside of law; but he has the right to stand on guard against the intrusion of whatever he honestly deems demoralizing æsthetically or ethically. The question comes near to that of ethics; dogmatism is safer than unprincipled license. Especial circumspection, perhaps, is needed in æsthetics, for most young people are safely grounded on fundamental moral principles, while their notions concerning art are usually chaotic. As the college does not allow the students any choice in regard to the books that are to be added to the library or the pictures that are to hang in its art gallery, neither does it, or should it, leave wholly to them the determination of the dramas to be performed, the singers and players to be engaged, or the compositions to be heard in the concert hall. The undergraduates may seek the moving-picture show, the vaudeville, and the musical comedy. if such be

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their inclination, but within the college control there is to be found only that which is authentic and approved. This implicit censorship has possibly been overstrictly enforced, but it must be remembered that the college art world is not one in which works of art are produced, for if it were so then the secessionists, the futurists, and all other species of revolutionaries would have their rights to a free field there; but the college, the place where "the best that has been thought and done in the world" is the prime object of study, is eminently concerned with that which has been deliberately tested and by common consent found good — at the same time, be it observed, under bond to truth to acknowledge that in art as in science discoveries are still to be made, and that everything that art has done is but an earnest of the things that it shall do.

In art, therefore, as in all things, the college, while it offers what it believes to be the best, will wisely leave the judgment untrammelled. Its duty is to offer to the neophyte an acquaintance with whatsoever things give warrant of excellence, to expound their place in history and their personal use, and then leave them to do their perfect work. While it is unjust to attempt to tie the young mind up to any single standard, there can be no question that the first condition of safe judgment is found in intelligent contact with the masters that have ruled preceding generations. Bernard Shaw and Richard Strauss and the post-impres-

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sionists may be the prophets of a riper age than ours, and it is well to understand their teaching, yet one who has not tried the spirits of Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Rembrandt has not yet gained the experience that assures a calm, broad, and liberal opinion concerning the new as well as the old. The opportunities for the acquisition of such enlightenment the college is in a position to provide, and as the college is not prone to be swayed by shifting winds of doctrine either in art or philosophy, its co-operation will be with those tendencies that lead to the discovery and maintenance of safe standards.

Bitter reproaches are often hurled against such establishments as the French Institute, the British and American Academies, and even the national art museums, on the ground that they refuse to recognize new tendencies and that every progressive movement is obliged to fight for its life against their powerful subsidized opposition. These complaints often seem just — the official censure of such men as Delacroix, Millet, and Rousseau appears to us to-day almost as a crime; but even the most impatient radical must confess in his sober moments that on the whole it is better so. Let those institutions whose province is, directly or indirectly, to teach yield at once to every clamorous applicant for admission, and artistic chaos must ensue. Those who store up and preserve for coming generations incur a serious responsibility, and they must have a standard of measure.

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All things must be proved before the good that is to be held fast can be found, and, although the deserving will often suffer, yet it is best that this proving-ground should be in the wide arena of the world and not in the sheltered nurseries of education.

IX

In accepting only that which has already been verified and making it the point of departure for further investigation, the colleges can perform a service never more needed than at the present day. This is an age which, being impatient of the restrictions of old authority, is inclined to deny that any such thing as authority exists. The art schools cannot be wholly trusted to maintain that wise balance of forces upon which right progress depends — to enforce the technical discipline and respect for precedent which was one source of the creative achievement of Greece, Italy, Holland, and France. In many art schools the watchwords are those of revolt. There is revolt against training, against the acquisition of broad knowledge, against deference to the masters of old times. The young art student is eager to attack new problems, unaware that the new problems are often superficial, and that there are certain intrinsic and lasting problems that are involved in all art work from the beginning and have been mightily solved by the giants of past days. No artist is in a posi-

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tion to meet the demands of expression which the new age affords until he is firmly grounded in the fundamentals of art which persist amid all the changes of ideal and fashion. "An untrained and not naturally sensitive mind," says Professor George Santayana, "cannot distinguish or produce anything good. This critical incapacity has always been a cause of failure and a just ground for ridicule; but it remained for some thinkers of our time — a time of little art and much undisciplined production — to erect this abuse into a principle and declare that the essence of beauty is to express the artist and not to delight the world." One proof of this wise maxim is that none of the great artists whom the world loves to honor began by being revolutionary. The supreme ages of art were ages of discipline and reverence.

The novice in the art school often refuses to believe that the essence of beauty is to delight the world rather than to express the artist. To be sure, those whose work has been a constant delight to the world did also express themselves; but what if the youthful radical has nothing to express — no knowledge, no experience, no ideas? Neither the public nor the connoisseurs care a whit for an artist's soul just because it is his soul, but only as he has the ability to add something of beauty and inspiration to the world's life. How shall the young student obtain knowledge, experience, ideas, and how shall he learn to project them in forms that will delight the world? Certainly one means,

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not to be neglected, is in the study of those who have demonstrated this twofold mastery. He need not necessarily copy their processes, but he must imbibe their spirit. He can learn from them that seeing is not with the lenses of the eye alone, and that good work is not produced merely by thinking, or merely by instinct, but instinct, thought, and technical drill united make the consummate artist.

The unrest of the time has seized upon art, and, as production was never before so abundant, the spectacle presented by the art world is one of confusion and discord. One of the tendencies of the age is to exaggerate every mental experience; the condition of mind most in favor is not reflection but an intense craving for sensation of a vivid, exciting kind; and whereas in early periods, such as those of the Crusades, the Renaissance, and the sixteenth-century merchant adventurers, an outlet for nervous energy was found in war, discovery, and in the sudden opening of new areas for enterprise, a similar restlessness at the present day expends itself in vagaries of imagination, in discontent with social repressions, in rebellion against limitations that are not clearly realized, in cravings that turn inward and prey upon themselves, producing a turmoil of the spirit whose curse is that it cannot find the relief that comes with external action. Everything that is morbid and sensational is welcomed, the nervous system is irritated into an excessive delicacy, a thirst for emotional ex-

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citement seeks to gratify itself in sources which do not appease but further stimulate. Every idea thrown out by a feverish brain is caught up and made the fad of the hour, until some other, equally ephemeral, takes its place. Life seems to lose unity and continuity, since ideas that are not based upon true observation and experience have no power of mutual support. Here and there the hopelessness of any stable result becomes apparent, and a despairing apathy becomes the note in literature.

These tendencies seem serious enough to earnest minds that are placed in close contact with them, but it is well to remember that, as according to Burke we may not draw an indictment against a whole people, we must likewise be cautious in passing judgment upon an epoch. The literature and art in which these decadent tendencies are manifest is a city art and literature, and we know that urban life and thought in the present time of swollen and congested municipalities, while highly concentrated, are often narrow and partial, the very conditions of a compact, furiously competitive society interfering with steadiness and wholeness of vision. There is a sound undercurrent flowing in the heart of the race which is not evident to the casual observer because it has so little expression in those professional literary and art circles which, for commercial and other motives, are kept most persistently before the public eye; but even the casual observer may easily perceive

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that it is growing in volume. It is easy to be deceived in this matter. Just as the type of French novel lately most prevalent does not represent the large and dominant elements in the national life, but rather the salon, theatre, and boulevard atmosphere of Paris, so the books, plays, pictures, and operas that are trumpeted most noisily in the market-place need not hastily be taken as indicative of the permanent trend of contemporary ideas.

The claims made for the new fashions by their advocates have, nevertheless, an unsettling influence, particularly upon susceptible and inquiring minds. One who has seen the rise and fall of many fashions, each proclaimed as the final truth in art and letters; who has watched a long procession of painters, playwrights, novelists, and composers move into the glare of publicity and out into oblivion again; who has often looked in vain for the work that was acclaimed a triumph of genius a year or less ago; who has outlived many illusions, including his own — such a one may retain his calmness unperturbed by the hostile clamor raised around some of those principles which he believes are based upon the experience of mankind. He will not be shaken by the anarchism of the recent schools which would have him believe that progress consists in a repudiation of the monumental achievements of the past. Although in the midst of a shower of illusions, to employ Emerson's figure, the air above him is clear, and he sees the gods sitting around him on their thrones.

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But the younger enthusiast does not easily see the gods; he is not acquainted with them and he does not know where to find them; neither would he recognize them as immortal divinities, since only the anointed eye can discern their attributes. Here is the opportunity of the college for organizing, in the midst of the intellectual confusions of the day, habits of judgment that will enable their possessors to keep their minds calmly poised amid the whirl of conflicting appeals. Through its very traditions and customs it is prepared for this service. All over our land are these centres of influence, based upon scholarship, constitutionally prone to insist upon what has been accepted by the moderate thought of its time, scientific in their methods, not ready to bend before the gusts of fashion, following the dictates of caution, and not greatly disturbed by accusations of timidity and reaction. In such a country as ours, and administered as they are both from within and without, there is little danger that they will be wholly irresponsive to anything that tends to real progress. But they will not accept a novelty just because it is new; their professors, by their very training, look sharply for an intellectual value in whatever claims their interest, and in all that appeals to the senses and the emotion their very instinct leads them to compare it with those productions that have endured the severest of all tests, the test of time, and welcome it only as it discloses qualities that relate it to the great models.

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Any apprehension that the tendency to excessive conservatism — the exclusion of the new for the sake of the preservation of the old — will be suffered to prevail, and the college lose touch with progressive movements, is dispelled when one considers certain currents which are now flowing from the art world toward the college. The time was, not so very long ago, when the college glee and mandolin club supplied the local need for musical indulgence in the majority of our institutions of learning, but in later days the concert agencies have begun to look toward the colleges as profitable spheres of influence. A condition very nearly parallel in the plastic arts, and still more recent, appears in the increasing number of itinerant exhibitions of paintings, etchings, bronzes, textiles, etc., which are bringing the output of the studios to the college doors. Chiefly under the stimulus of this new opportunity, art associations are springing up in the colleges and universities, designed not only for the benefit of the academic community but also for the sake of a union of the college art interests with those of the city or town, by this co-operation working for a closer sympathy and mutual aid in all that promotes a sense of fellowship in the things of culture.

In the important field of the drama analogous agencies are at work. The college dramatic associations wisely conclude that their service lies not merely in affording a channel for the histrionic ambitions of their own members, but also for

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bringing to the attention of the student body examples of excellence in the work of contemporary playwrights as performed by those companies, fortunately still existing, that make it their primary purpose to promote the higher interests of their art. In connection with such organizations as the Drama League, in hospitality to professional assistance and the encouragement of those beautiful adjuncts to the drama, the folk-dance and the pageant, the college may not only exert an invigorating influence upon its own family but may also contribute mightily to the formation of a public appreciation and demand for the best things which is all that the theatre needs at the present time to enable it to take the place that naturally belongs to it as one of the forces that work for the mental health of the people.

The strongest factors that are now active in America in the domain of art are working not so much toward the production of masterpieces as for elevation of thought and brightening of life among the masses. The humanitarian movement of the day is using art as a means of social benefit. Its aim is to beautify as well as ameliorate life. The part of the colleges in this endeavor will be to help it to become intelligent as well as generous, to hold it to approved standards, and with their wealth, culture, and opportunity, guided by the experience of the past, to direct the present purpose along the paths which lead to civic welfare. Back into the ranks of the public, which is to be

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the patron of art for good or ill, the colleges every year turn tens of thousands of alert young men and women. If any considerable proportion of them is inspired, by the college teaching and example, with right conceptions of the nature of fine art and its place in the life of a vigorous community, the effect will ere long be felt in a larger measure of popular enlightenment than this nation, or perhaps any nation, has experienced hitherto; and also, we may hope, in the preparation of conditions out of which works of art of a unique and nationally representative type will grow.

X

It is evident that the service of the college to education in fostering the appreciation of art is not fulfilled when it builds and endows an art museum, theatre, and concert hall, and supplies its library with critical books and reproductions. Examples and illustrations do not suffice; art must be interpreted, and the mind must always undergo a discipline in order to receive it. This necessity implies lectures, assigned readings, examinations, and credits. At first sight these mechanical formalities seem foreign to the nature of art, for the nearer one approaches to the spirit that dwells in beautiful forms, and for which alone the forms exist, the more completely the external framework and trappings fall away, and the soul of the beholder and the idea of the artist flow together to

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blend in a mystical union. But can the college assume that this happy result always follows when its examples, even properly interpreted, and the youthful mind are brought together; and even if it could, is the creation of vague sentiments, however refined, consistent with the special purpose for which the college by common consent exists? Here is the dilemma which, no doubt, is one of the chief impediments to the introduction of instruction in art into the higher education. Every college at the present day consents to the artistic decoration of its grounds and buildings, to the introduction of pictures and statuary, dramatic performances and music — it is agreed that there must be a constant presence of æsthetic influences, because they form the mind insensibly, and combine with everything in the academic atmosphere that promotes taste, dignity, and propriety. But to provide scholarly courses in art appreciation is another matter, for classroom study implies recitation, examinations, and credits, and every one who has gone below the surface knows that the æsthetic consciousness, which is the object and goal of these courses, evades all those tests upon which the college depends for stimulating the effort and measuring the attainment of its students. On the other hand, it is not willing to forego the use of its traditional means of determination, for to do so would seem to be to lose its hold upon those activities in the pupil's mind which are working for the formation of character. The col-

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lege authorities have no illusions on this subject. They know that the finest result at which the courses in art can aim consists in an increased reverence for the productions of genius, in a flowering of taste and sensibility, and a power of accurate judgment in regard to the comparative merits of works of art. But how shall the instructor know if these qualities have been acquired as the result of his teaching; and if he cannot know, with what confidence shall he hand in to the registrar marks which are to be averaged up with those of the science and language teachers in the determination of the student's standing and perhaps his fate?

In the first place it may be said that the art courses are not wholly exceptional in the presentation of this difficulty. The finest issues of any college course cannot be mechanically gauged, for who shall weigh in a registrar's balance the zeal for things of the mind, the eager curiosity, the joyous consciousness of growth, the recognition of final values, which always come with conscientious study, and without which any college course is barren? Above all, who shall estimate the inspirations that are kindled under the personal influence of a strong-brained and large-hearted teacher — the love of truth for truth's sake, the desire for wisdom, and the willingness to undergo toil and privation in wisdom's cause, which such a teacher may impart? In such a presence the finest gain comes incidentally and by the way, kindling a high-souled enthusiasm which makes life a better

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and sweeter thing forever after. In very truth it is only the more formal and superficial results that are appraised by the professor's pencil; the lasting issue in terms of character he cannot know. "Truly speaking," says Emerson, "it is not instruction, but provocation, that I can receive from another soul." Happy would the college be if it could make these provocations so apparent and winsome that the most careless would desire them. Could it do so, it would often find them proceeding from the laboratory as well as from the chapel.

These subtle consequences, which at the same time are of such far-reaching benefit that they must be reckoned with, are especially involved in the courses in literature and art and constitute a very large factor in the problem which these courses present. The college must acquiesce and be willing to take these hidden values for granted, unless it contends that the admission of these subjects into the curriculum shall be conditioned upon laying chief emphasis upon memory drill and analysis of technicalities and accessories. The accessories and technical details can be taught and "mental discipline" be derived therefrom, but this is not teaching art. If the reality of art is to be imparted and a response to its varied beauty awakened, the college must heed the appeal made some time ago by Professor W. P. Trent in behalf of a more genuine teaching of literature. "I have begun," he said, "to doubt the value of

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strenuous examinations, and to appreciate more and more the necessity of trying to inculcate in my students some of the high moral and spiritual truths taught by great writers, and to impart to them a taste for reading, a love for the best literature. I believe that the time devoted to spiritual inculcation and to æsthetic training is of far more importance than that devoted to instruction in the facts of literature, and I draw hence the conclusion that we teachers of literature ought bravely to say to our fellow teachers something like this: 'We can, if we please, make our examinations as rigid as you do yours, but we do not believe that our facts are as important as yours, or, at any rate, can be acquired with so much advantage to our pupils. We believe that the subject we teach and the subjects you teach are necessary to a catholic education, but that, while we are contributing to the same end as you, our means must be different from yours.' "

The acceptance of this conclusion does not, however, preclude a large amount of detailed and formal instruction, which has a part to play in the preparation of those states of mind which are the antecedent condition of appreciation of literature and art. Like every product of human imperfection, art has its good and its evil, its strength and weakness, its truth and falsehood. These distinctions are not intuitively perceived by youthful minds. To grasp the reality of art something more is needed than the mere presence of the ob-

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ject. The beauty of art is not an abstract but a relative beauty. The mental attitude changes in going from one object to another; the same criterion does not apply to all. The mind must be active, not passive — at least until the essence of the thing is comprehended. The understanding must awake as well as the emotion. The novice will probably ask why this or that example is selected as a model, and he must be made to see. Only by the recognition of principles and standards and the employment of comparisons can any work of art be known and felt for what it is. The very essence of art in its relationship to nature and human life is misconceived by the majority of people who have not been instructed. The art gallery without expounders is of little practical utility; a concert course without commentary may afford healthful recreation and an uplift for the moment, but many of its educational possibilities will be missed. The explanation of this fact is found in the doctrine of relativity, which, as John Tyndall expressed it, "affirms that the impression made upon us by any circumstance, or combination of circumstances, depends upon our previous state. Two travellers upon the same peak, the one having ascended to it from the plain, the other having descended to it from a higher elevation, will be differently affected by the scene around them. To the one, nature is expanding, to the other it is contracting, and the feelings are sure to differ which have two such different antecedent states."

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"We accept," says Bourget, "only the doctrines whose principles we already carry in ourselves"; and it may be added that we accept only those works of art that find affiliation with certain propensities that have attained consciousness through exercise. To arouse these faculties, to prepare the preliminary state of mind, is the office of the instructor, and he must work partly by analysis and demonstration, partly by suggestion and indirection. It is a common error to suppose that appreciation of art depends simply upon the immediate action of good examples, that criticism and commentary are impertinent intruders that should be shoved aside and art be left free to prepare her way before her. Art that has a vital energy within her will doubtless prepare her own way at last, but with what sad loss of time, with what waste of that precious effort which might be creating new beauties while struggling to overcome the dull obstruction of the world! Art comes before us and says: "Here I am; I offer myself to you; you may take me or leave me." Criticism says: "You must not leave her, for without you she cannot thrive. I will show you how to take her in the only way possible, which is by moulding your spirit into conformity with her spirit."

This moulding process is the office of the college instructor. His first business is to excite belief and expectation. What the eye is prepared to see it will see; what the ear expects to hear it will hear. The spirit of art is not separable from the form,

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and constant misjudgments will occur before the laws of form are known. Hence arises the need of the explanation of technicalities. Only the ignorant disregard them, for they are art's language, untranslatable; the features by whose interplay the spirit comes to light; the element of sense which cannot be divorced from expression, because art is both a duality and a unity. "Soul is form and doth the body make." Such knowledge has its place in the formation of right judgment in respect to comparative artistic merits. Everything that is wrong in art — wrong, that is, in being in any way untrue — does a certain amount of harm by standing in the way of an appreciation of what is true and right. This applies to reproductive as well as creative art: piano-playing, singing, acting, any activity in which natural movements are regulated to produce results that are not natural, cannot be fully enjoyed by one who is not informed concerning the principles by which the special art "adds to nature." The real end of art is not comprehended except as there is a specific knowledge of the means employed to effect it — a knowledge by which the observer divines the creator's purpose that guided him in the path he traversed to his goal. Furthermore, a work of art cannot be divorced from its setting without divesting it of much of its significance — a setting historical, social, personal on the artist's side; associational, experiential, and reactive on the receiver's. The impression made by a work of art is not simple but

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complex, because complex are the antecedent states of consciousness that entail the appropriate reactions in the receiver's mind. Hence comes the exercise of observation, memory, co-ordination, comparison, the application of ideas drawn from the life without and the life within. The æsthetic intuitions require not so much an awakening as the power of adjustment and adaptation; they spring into action at the touch of every beautiful thing, but they enrich the experience and combine into accurate judgments only when they shape themselves into harmony with all the elements that make up the life of the work of art.

XI

When mention is made of the appreciation of art, one may properly ask what form or phase of art is meant. We should more accurately speak of appreciations, for in the house of art are many mansions, each offering its own special kind of entertainment to its guest. There are schools and styles so diverse that in the judgment of one we must often lay aside certain predispositions nourished by another. Gothic sculpture involves considerations of ideal and style other than those of Hellenic; one may admire Donatello and cavil at Rodin. The condemnation of the impressionist painters was pronounced in the name of French classic art. The attempt to crush Richard Wagner was inspired by a supposed devotion to the older

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masters whom he also revered. Those who would escape similar errors must learn how to shift the point of view to meet the artist's aim. The laws of creation and of reception cannot be standardized by the authority of a form that is suited to one place or time, but they are now and then re-enacted to meet the needs of the human spirit as it accommodates itself to changing epoch and experience. Within the same period, also, different phases of art appeal to diverse standards of appreciation. The main endeavor in portraiture is the expression of character; in still life it is decorative charm. The easel picture and the mural fresco must not be measured by a common criterion of style. We do not demand of Ibsen the phraseology and construction of Shakespeare, and Maeterlinck's themes require still another technique. Music is vocal or instrumental; epic, dramatic, or lyric; religious or secular. (How many gross perversions have been heard in the churches, caused by inability to discriminate between the proper ideal of ecclesiastical music and that of other forms!) Music may strive to depict external activities, or symbolize unbodied emotions, or is content with a mere decorative play of tones. It may be homophonic or contrapuntal; it takes a special character from the mechanism by which it is produced, so that, for instance, organ music requires one sort of mental adjustment, piano music another. Music is colored by nationality, period, and school; affected by the nature of its patronage, by the

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place and occasion of its performance, by the interest — liturgical, patriotic, or what-not — which employs it; influenced by all the intellectual needs which make use of an agent so subtly powerful for stimulus and suggestion.

All these differentiations which art in its protean flexibility affords involve principles which may be analyzed and taught. There are processes of comparison to be employed, a training of the will to hear or see as the artist desired to be heard or seen. How can these essentials to right understanding be known by young art-lovers except by the help of an older head who has sought them out, systematized them, and made them constant factors in his own life of culture, and who presents them not only as generalizations but as embodied in concrete examples? In this study is found the safeguard against that unreasoning indulgence in the excitements of sense and emotion which the arts, especially music and the drama, are prone to encourage in the minds of those who are not schooled to reflection. In order to realize the full purpose of works of art, we should put our mental action into correspondence with that of the artist, whose procedure is deliberate, self-critical, directed by knowledge laboriously acquired, carefully arranged in all its parts to gratify the intelligence which views the parts in their relation to a logical organized whole.

These intellectual processes, however, must not be made an end in themselves. Art is indeed a

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problem, but art that is nothing but a problem is lifeless. As in the presence of a beloved friend all details of garb and inventory of feature are forgotten, so in the painting, the poem, the music the value rests in a communication of feeling which, in the last resort, is simply the love of the artist for his theme. And thus every explanation of form and contrivance, every historic or biographical reinforcement which the lecturer brings to his class, must help to attune the sensibility of the pupil to the spirit of the work. The worth of art is in the enhancement of our own life consciousness. It is life we desire from the statue, the ballad, the rhapsody, and not information about the mechanism of life. The test of art is expression, the gain of the receiver is a spiritual gain which can be reproduced, if reproduced at all, only in terms of the art in question, or in some verbal paraphrase, or in some gesture or kindling of the eye, the impulsive outward sign of inward joy. Dissection, comparison, technical exposition — these have their uses, but only as they clear away obstructions that lie between us and the heart of the mystery. The insight and enthusiasm of the interpreter, his eloquence, if such be his fortunate endowment, are all needed in order that his hearers may be excited to a suitable expectation; but the final event is pleasure in the thing itself because it is alive and beautiful.

Far too inclined are college teachers of art to fail of the end through over-emphasis upon the

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means. Because form and technique involve a scientific element and an intellectual process they often seem to believe that their business terminates with those features that can be analyzed and made the subject of memory tests. There is also a pressure more or less perceptible from the other college departments, tending to bring results that are vague and undemonstrable into disrepute. Furthermore, the lecturer himself, if he be a "practical" artist, often finds his own interest taken up with those processes which most nearly resemble the more routine features of his own special labor. In more than one institution for higher education music, for example, received its first welcome only in the guise of harmony and counterpoint — the purely theoretical side of the art — since these studies were more easily used as disciplinary (according to the college conception of that term), like mathematics and laboratory experiments. It is a great comfort to the average college teacher to be able to say that an answer is either right or wrong, without any bother over the personal equation. Courses in art history, even, have not escaped the besetting sin of formalism, for when taught without imagination they easily relapse into an examination of lists and dates and various mechanical accessories, instead of bending their thought upon the search for that quality in the soul of art which gives to it its essential, vitalizing power. All the settings and appliances — form, composition, technical device, historical conditions of race,

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epoch, and milieu — are necessary for the proper adjustment of the mind in order that it may receive the full lesson which art provides as an expositor of human life. All these, however, may be coolly learned by rote without effecting any real appreciation of art whatever. They are preparatory, not final. Archæology is not art, and masses of information may be gathered without causing a single genuine heart-throb. The rational procedure, if art is to enjoy her rights in the culture of youth, is to take her frankly for what she is — a beautiful witness to the life of feeling, her appeal an æsthetic appeal, her welcome intuitive, the reception given by her devotees not a prosaic inventory of her furnishings or a prying inquisition into her heredity, but a glad surrender to her charm. Understanding and intuition, reflection and emotion, criticism and spontaneous acceptance must be trained to act each according to its own laws and then to blend in a unity spontaneous and complete. Here is a discipline that embraces many special disciplines, and not slight are the pedagogical wisdom and skill that are capable of imparting it.

XII

Thus we are led to the simple conclusion that, granted the responsibility of the college in paying the honor to the fine arts to which their function in the history of civilization entitles them, in using them as a means of refining and liberalizing the

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minds of its students, and in exerting through them an influence that will enlighten the community and help to erect barriers against the swelling tide of vulgarity and debasement — in thus fulfilling its plain obligation the college will not be compelled to sacrifice any principle or depart radically from approved scholastic methods. There is an analogy here — in all reverence be it said — between teaching art and teaching religion. In the strict interpretation neither can be taught, if we use the term in the same sense as when we say that science can be taught. For the prime purpose of instruction in religion and art is not to impart information, or strictly to promote a certain line of action, but to create a state of mind. In both cases there is involved a perception of truth — but this truth is not one obtained by experimentation or observation upon objective phenomena, but a truth intuitively discerned, a truth recognized and appropriated because it answers a craving of the deepest instincts and most cherished aspirations. And the finest result of the teaching lies in the development of these instincts and aspirations. While in these respects æsthetic and religious culture may be said to differ from scientific, yet the discipline of the former is aided, even necessitated, by the application of procedures akin to those of science, by which the forms in which religion and art have manifested themselves, the experience of those who have conformed their lives to them, the means by which error is sifted from truth, and the confusions and

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opacities which hinder clear vision swept away — all may be made the subject of study whose outcome is the preparation of a mental receptiveness without which the spiritual influence has no channel by which it may enter the soul.

It is indeed a discipline, like any other, and there are few tasks given to a college instructor where so much freedom and initiative are allowed as in the work of the lecturer on art, since he is so little supported by precedent or restricted by conventional routine. High must be his enthusiasm, affluent his knowledge, ripe his experience, and persuasive his tongue, who would draw into the fellowship of art a body of tyros ignorant of the values of art, and so often in their ignorance contemptuous of those delicate susceptibilities to which æsthetic influences appeal. In all our higher institutions of learning there is a prejudice to be overcome, not only among the undergraduates but also among the faculty, and hence the promoter of æsthetic culture meets a resistance at the outset which none of his colleagues is compelled to face. His safeguard lies in bringing prominently forward those intellectual elements which are the preliminaries and conditions of artistic production and right appreciation. By an abundance of comparisons he may show the correspondence that exists between art and other fields of human activity; he may prove by many evidences the vital relation of art to the larger life which envelops and fertilizes it; and so, by wise applications and the contagion

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of his own conviction, persuade the institution which he serves that beauty dwells in partnership with knowledge, and that the love she inspires, when it is once gained by the double exercise of research and spontaneous feeling, is no superficial or selfish indulgence, but combines by natural affinity with every agency of good.

XIII

The signs multiply that the colleges are at last becoming heedful of the call. They have reached the encouraging point when they begin to consider not merely the constant presence of art in museums, halls, and theatres, but the organized use of them by methods of refined scholarship. The nature of these methods must be determined by the peculiar psychological problems involved in a subject in which an awakening process is the first movement of attack. When everything is said, the method, after all, is the man. According to the mental situation of his pupils, as well as to the means afforded him, will the instructor act. He must combine the gifts of the preacher and the man of science — the insight, fervor, and consecration of the preacher, the clear-cut, rational treatment of facts which marks the savant. A lecturer on art, a French writer has said, should be an artist, a historian, a philosopher, and a poet. But, alas! where are such paragons to be found? The colleges themselves must train them. The supreme diffi-

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culty that will always confront the college will not be to determine the place of art instruction, or even the method, but to find the man.

When the man is found he will be presented with an opportunity not easily circumscribed. He will have the responsibility, and at the same time the privilege, of showing that art commends itself not only in its works, but also in the lives of those who teach and practise it. Art and æsthetic culture are still on the defensive in this country. They still need the belief and the example of strong men and women. The college youth will not refrain from applying the *argumentum ad hominem.* His intellectual leaders must convince him by something besides precept of the worth of what they teach. So is it especially in regard to art and beauty; a sentimental trifler will have difficulty in imparting faith in these to healthfully sceptical minds. Not less important than art galleries and concert courses is the presence of men in the chairs of literature and art who offer in themselves worthy models in manners, in conversation, in character, as well as in cordial sympathy with the manifold interests of life. "Let me see," the student will ask, "what a life devoted to art and beauty has done for you."

The limit of this field of action also will not easily be defined, for while the professional work of the average instructor is bounded by his classroom, that of the teacher of art is in the nature of the case coextensive with the entire college circle.

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For beauty of environment, and the re-creation of spirit that comes from wholesome emotional stimulus, constitute a general interest, and they also furnish a unifying principle among the divergencies of college life. Tastefully contrived lawns, groves, and gardens, noble decoration in architecture and sculpture, art collections, concerts, dramas, and festivals — all these act mightily, not only by weaving a glamour of joy and exhilaration around scholastic labor, but also for co-operation, inspiration, and fellowship. Over these ministries the care of the art instructor is extended, and all his classroom work is deepened by his consciousness of his more public service. He advances the ends of scholarship by his research and his systematized teaching, while at the same time he employs his knowledge, his taste, and his enthusiasm as advocates of a common cause.

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PART II

MUSIC IN THE COLLEGE

I

THE presence of art in the college, in acknowledged companionship with the sciences and philosophies, is no longer a doubtful question. Although the American institutions for the higher education for a long time renounced the privilege within their grasp, by which they might have been pioneers in that development which was destined to become a leading factor in a country peopled by the offspring of nations whose glory is in their literature and art, this neglect must sooner or later give way to cordial acceptance. Placed in the centre of the intellectual activities of the age, they would inevitably be swept by the overflow of the rising tide of art development. For the need of beauty is becoming evident to an ever-increasing multitude. It is an inseparable element in the movements for social uplift and the amelioration of life's hard conditions. The most encouraging sign of the healthful growth of this desire is not in the collections of works of art which every millionaire considers necessary to his dignity, nor in the

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immense improvement in taste in the adornment of public and private establishments. It is not even in the endowment of art museums, or in private subscription to the support of opera-houses and orchestras, for such institutions may flourish and still minister only to the gratification of a limited class. The real significance of the æsthetic revival in this country lies in its diffusion outside the aristocracies of wealth, in the discovery among the masses of the people that there is no exclusiveness in beauty, that without it even industry is hampered and material prosperity unsatisfying. Consequently, the extraordinary speed of development along the lines of æsthetic demand and artistic supply is largely due to that co-operation in effort for which the American people have shown a positive genius. Multitudes of private organizations, such as the women's clubs, have given the movement an almost fierce impetus, and in recent days municipal action in the decoration with beautiful painting and sculpture of the buildings that belong to the people, in the contrivance of Independence Day and Christmas celebrations, historical pageants which stimulate the imagination as well as give pleasure to the senses, and cautious experiments in the support of civic theatres, bands, and choruses — all this is revealing to the people that there are noble forms of art that do not demand a special education attainable only by a privileged few, but are accessible to all by the very fact that all are citizens of equal rank in a commonwealth

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that recognizes no restriction of opportunity in the pursuit of physical, mental, and moral health. It is this social aspect of the American art movement which is its chief justification and the guarantee of an enduring future.

All this being apparent to the most cursory observation, it follows that the schools and colleges must assume a directing part in this process of popular education, for the colleges as well as the schools stand upon the principle that in learning and culture there is no exclusive aristocracy. The college exists for the people, not the people for the college. Every college course is contrived and administered with a view to some social need, and will be moulded by conditions that are imperative because they are implicit in the national evolution.

Assuming that the time has come when the higher institutions of learning will strive to promote the culture and appreciation of art according to their opportunity, the discussion will hereafter turn mainly upon the question, what shall be the position which art shall occupy in the curriculum? Shall it be treated as a cultural or as a vocational study, or both? In what proportions shall theory and practice divide the territory between them? Where does the one end and the other begin? Whatever may be the attitude toward "practical" courses, such as drawing, modelling, and musical performance, there is on all sides rapid progress toward the adoption of instruction in the history and criticism of art as being in every respect in

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accord with the dignity and purpose of the college. It is incumbent upon the college as the home of the humanities to expound and interpret art, to mediate between the artist and the student, to demonstrate the place that æsthetic culture holds in the life of reason. As "outside interests" the concert courses, the art exhibitions, the dramatic performances, have long been encouraged in many institutions. But the time is at hand when they must be taken more seriously than this, and systematic measures be employed to bring them into an organic relation with the established college system. They must become an inside interest — not an incidental show under irresponsible managers, but regulated by the college authorities, and through a vital connection between them and the classroom the pleasure that they give be made a means of real culture by the demonstration of its relationship to the intellectual life.

II

This being the case with the general subject of historic art as a factor in education, how does it stand with the art of music? Is music any less serviceable than poetry or painting in the nurture of the intellect and the emotion? Admitting the right of the college to require actual measurable results in classroom work, excluding everything vague and sentimental, everything that would tend to encourage mental indolence and looseness

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of thought — granting this, can music maintain a claim to admission on equal terms with those studies which obviously involve intellectual and moral discipline?

Up to a certain point music has always been welcomed as a precious influence in college life, for if there is one means of emotional expression that is more universal and instinctive than any other, it is song. Wherever in college life there is the enthusiasm of fellowship and loyalty, this high spirit overflows in melody. The student song is a branch of the folk-song, spontaneous and inevitable. If a college could be found anywhere in the wide earth where singing was unknown, one would infer but dry returns from a mental life so hard and joyless. College authorities, moreover, have always encouraged music as a religious agency; the college chapel, like every church, must have its organ and choir. The glee-club is an institution already of respectable antiquity, and always receives official countenance. Many collegiate bodies have so far advanced in the recognition of musical values that they give aid and comfort to choral societies, and it is not unusual to find among the events of the academic year professional performances of orchestral, chamber, and solo music, indorsed by faculty action if not actually guaranteed by the college treasury. These privileges have been esteemed as a refining influence, a tonic and recreative agent, classed even with the religious exercises on Sunday and in the daily chapel as an

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ingredient in that spiritual atmosphere which cannot be sufficiently provided by the work of laboratory, library, and lecture-room. Certain forms of music have always been in the odor of sanctity, and in such institutions as the English universities, standing upon ecclesiastical foundations, and in many American schools created as adjuncts to religious denominations, the ancient associations of music with the inner life of the church have made a partial adoption of it into the educational system inevitable.

Secular music, however, stands on a different footing. Its necessity is not so evident, its claims not at first sight so imperative. It, too, has its associations, but they are not in all cases entirely edifying. In every college in this country the welcome has been long delayed, in many the invitation is still partial and grudging, and in not a few the fair applicant still finds a barricaded door. Even at the best it may be stated as a general fact that, until very recent days, it was practically the unanimous verdict of the American colleges that if music were to be admitted under any conditions it should be by virtue of its religious contribution; and, if secular, employed as an accessory, a decoration, if one may use the term, important just as it is desirable that the academic buildings should be comely and symmetrically placed, the grounds attractive to the eye in their smooth spaces of greenery, their balanced grouping of shrubs and trees. These things, it was agreed, furnish an environ-

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ment from which the stern ways of learning derive a certain grace and tenderness, and exert a subjugating spell upon the rude spirits of rebellious youth.

Farther than this many college governors are still reluctant to go. A prejudice against music lingers in the minds of scientific and literary men. An apprehension of its structure and qualities calls for the exercise of mental processes that are different from those employed in their special pursuits, and it is often difficult for a scholar to realize that there can be scholarship in a department that is radically different from his own. Those who follow a science develop a strictly scientific habit. They want what they call ideas, facts, contact with reality, and in this music seems to them to be lacking. They distrust a power that acts upon the sense and the uncharted field of primary emotion, without leaving a deposit that can be recalled and used. Instead of offering us more of the life to which our experience is united, music, they would say, annuls that life and creates a world of its own, a world as intangible as the fairy realms of Celtic legend.

How shall one bring the nervous excitements of music into friendly union with the sciences and philosophies? Religious music, say the conservators of scholastic tradition, we will receive, for not only is it an aid to devotion, but for that very reason it renounces the sensual allurements and emotional agitations of instrumental color and

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rhythm, and associates itself with the most tranquillizing ideas. But what of operas, orchestral performances of the works of the modern sensational school, and the dazzling exploits of virtuosos? What is the significance of the frenzied applause that follows these astonishing displays? Is there not something perverse in the very nature of music that moves it often to act as a distraction from serious concerns and produce mental disturbances that are exhausting instead of tonic?

Even the votaries of this seductive art are forced to admit that certain safeguards should be thrown around musical indulgence. Music, by its very nature, is subject to a suspicion to which none of its sister arts are exposed. Even so liberal a thinker as William James exhorts concert-goers to perform some benevolent action after every musical entertainment, in order that their volition shall not be weakened by the hypnotizing spell that has been thrown around them. The writer of a recent much-advertised book assures his readers that music always saps the vitality of its devotees, and that there never was a composer more than half of whose life did not require apology. A writer in the *Harvard Musical Review* says: "Let a modern orchestra play a pure triad — only one — with its vibrating yellow violin tones, the shimmering white of its wood, the blazing red which its brass can make visible, the narcotic quivering of the harp, and the barbarous rumble of the tympani — one chord only — and people are in a state where they

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cannot discern between their right hand and their left, where a papier-maché dragon is terrifying, and prostitution beautiful."

It is certainly interesting to be told that the ladies and gentlemen of the higher circles of Boston are thrown into a state of erotic dementia at every concert in Symphony Hall. The only purpose in quoting this ridiculous statement, and the equally absurd assertion of Price Collier, is to call attention to the fact that even the most puritanical enemy of æsthetic indulgence would never think of applying such terms to any other art. That the mind of a musician could ever work like that of this writer in the Harvard magazine indicates that there is something peculiar to the nature of music which may, in a certain order of minds, give rise to unwholesome suggestions. There is no other artistic agency that is productive of such physical excitement as the rhythm, tone-color, and dynamic outbursts of music. Musical performance, in all periods of its history, has tended toward the exaggerations of virtuosity. In music, as in the drama, those who are most conscious of its higher intellectual and poetic values are always aware that their efforts as its patrons for the sake of its benefits must include resistance to its abuses. Music has an unparalleled efficiency as an intensifier of feeling, and has no hesitation between health and disease in forming its alliances. The nervous and emotional excitements that accompany musical performance when all its fascinations are un-

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chained are indeed a heightening of life for the moment; but the test of value comes with the reaction that follows, when the serious inquirer asks the question that Taine propounds in view of the spectacular French grand opera, viz., What is it that we have felt — have we, in sober fact, felt anything?

Herein is the test of the worth of any æsthetic experience — has life been permanently instead of temporarily heightened? Are these vivid musical experiences refreshing as well as stimulating? And if music as a continued object of pursuit involves experiences which, however delightful, are superficial and transitory, does the art contain compensations which will correct the tendencies which, when overemphasized, bring against it the warnings of philosophers and moralists? What do history and psychology teach concerning the essential nature of music? Do they justify the love which mankind has always bestowed upon this constant companion of its joys and sorrows? Is this love a love of passion, or of reverence? And if the latter, what are the attributes which have enabled music to set up its shrine in the deeper heart of humanity? Certainly an art that is so superficial and debilitating as its enemies assert could never have become a universal need, could never have reached its fullest development in nations that are pre-eminent in physical and intellectual energy. There must be something in its very nature that promotes mental and moral health

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when wisely used. The first task in determining the place of music in education must be to discover the character of these elements of virtue. When these are known, the further problem of employing them will be shorn of the most serious of its difficulties.

III

An education that is in the highest degree worthy of the name will accomplish two results — it will stimulate all the physical, mental, and spiritual faculties into a self-conscious and ever self-renewing activity, and it will create in the individual a realization of his vital relationship to the world and society. In all his studies he will find a personal value and a social value. His aim, implicit and direct, will be the further expansion of life. In certain departments into which his training is divided — such, for example, as physical culture, mathematics, language-study — the student will have the attainment of personal efficiency as his particular goal; in others — as, for instance, history, political science, literature — the social consciousness will be especially active. In the one order of studies consciousness is especially directed inward, in the other outward. In the union of the two — in the release of inner vigor and in a joyous sympathy with the life of the world and man — lies culture.

It is the characteristic of art that, when studied

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in all its relations, it accomplishes both these results and becomes a cultural influence of a high order. For art is not only a personal experience, it also has a history. We appropriate the picture, the symphony, the poem, and it so stirs our spirit that for the moment we are isolated in our rapture and self is all in all. But when we emerge from our trance we see the work as objective, its relationships appear, and we obtain from it instruction that adds to our acquaintance with life. As these experiences multiply they inevitably connect themselves with the experiences of others, in the past as well as the present; we are led into the great world of thought and emotion that envelops our own, and the reaction to the immediate impression is merged in the desire to know and feel in the whole as well as in the particular. The history of art appears to us not merely interesting but necessary, for it brings to us communications that inform us of the true source of that faith in its value which we instinctively feel. We learn that it comes from the heart of humanity, and that our joy in it is an implicit recognition of a common spiritual heritage. Art is supremely a unifying power. Men clutch selfishly at material benefits, but in the presence of beauty there is the sympathy of fellowship, since to share beauty with another is to increase one's own possession.

It is plain that music is essentially at one with the other arts in these respects. It is, like them, a striving of the human spirit after self-realization,

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and it has a peculiar power of exciting and conveying ideas that lie at the basis of emotional experience. Hence the universality of its appeal. It is the language by which men read one another's hearts.

What, then, is this communication effected by music? Just what does it present which those who produce and hear it recognize as a testimony to a common human need?

In the first place it gives evidence of moods and impulses that are so profound and diffused that they can be expressed only by symbolism and suggestion — that are understood only as a kindred spirit is set into corresponding vibration. That music is devoid of the imitative means which the other arts possess, instead of being a weakness, is the very reason of its peculiar power. It uses auditory instead of visible or definitely suggestive images, but this erects no barrier between the soul and the object of its craving. Reality is not perceived by the senses, but is touched only when the soul is put in motion and reaches out in search of its counterpart. The function of all art is thus to stir the soul; it is symbolic and not literally representative. The visual images of painting and sculpture, and the suggested images of poetry, are only symbols of a deeper fact which is not contained in their palpable forms. Still more penetrating are the symbols of music, for motion and change, timbre and rhythm, offer an infinitely subtle correspondence with the flux and varying tension of

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the inner life of feeling. And music does more than this — it not only projects these pulsations and gives them organized form, but it creates them. Life seems to receive a passionate reinforcement under the thrill of music. One lives intensely in a newly revealed world. Music is thus a means of the manifestation of essential life, and it is a life not less real and significant because it discloses itself not so much in achievement as in aspiration. Every one is aware of a sort of yearning quality in music, which even poetry cannot contain in an equal degree. It has been called the keenest expression of the joy of life, but it might be called with equal truth the keenest expression of the pathos of life. It is the projection of life in its simplest and most ardent emotional elements, detached from those incidents that make so much of the sum of daily existence — detached even from those material suggestions from which the most mystical and tenuous poetry cannot wholly free itself. In music the undercurrents of life come to the surface, and as it takes possession of our senses and puts the will to sleep it awakens faculties of which in our ordinary daily course we are not aware. It is music, more than any other medium, which reaches down into that "buried life" which Matthew Arnold divines as the home of the farthest secret of our search — "the mystery of this heart which beats so wild, so deep in us," "the nameless feelings that course through our breast," the unknown source "whence our lives come and where

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they go." Music, no doubt, leaves us always unsatisfied, but the only convincing explanation of its peculiar power is that it comes "from the soul's subterranean depth upborne," and affords us the bewildering and fascinating paradox that, while it avoids the reproduction of everything that we are accustomed to call reality, it brings vividly to our consciousness that mysterious substance in our nature that seems most truly permanent and real.

It is this intimation of a yet unfathomed spiritual meaning which makes music not only a cherished object of affection, but also an inexhaustibly inviting theme of inquiry on the part of psychologists and æstheticians. In the development of its technical forms it has attained an exquisite and ordered complexity which affords endless delight to the theorist and the historian; but to linger in this region is to dwell upon the surface. Music is not merely "an art of beautiful motion," as many of its practitioners seem to conceive it — it testifies to a necessity of utterance in the human soul; it is an evidence of the spirit's striving after light and self-knowledge, and hence is not less deserving of learned consideration than those arts, apparently more definitely instructive, which vainly try to persuade us that they teach us something that is both tangible and conclusive.

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IV

Music has a history. It is self-constructive, and its forms are the result of the development of centuries. It has at the same time sought to extend and deepen its powers of expression. In this effort it has not remained isolated or wholly self-dependent; it has responded to certain stimuli that have acted upon literatures, arts, philosophies, and institutions, and like them is to be understood not by itself alone, but in its relation to the larger tendencies of the age. Spiritual forces, beyond individual control, are moulding human existence; they are apparent in the aspirations and ever-broadening conceptions that make history. Human consciousness is a channel in which these forces move, and mankind testifies to its recognition of them in religions, philosophies, and the arts. "The political life of a nation," says the author of *Jean Christophe*, "is only the most superficial aspect of its being. In order to know its interior life it is necessary to penetrate to its soul through literature, philosophy, and the arts, for in these are reflected the ideas, the passions, and the dreams of a whole people." Is this statement as true in respect to music as it unquestionably is in respect to literature and the arts of design? If so, then we have the strongest motive for extending our study of music outside our own individual experience, finding in its large historic evidences a value which supplements and dignifies our direct personal

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pleasure. When we survey composers and musical works in groups and masses — in connection with historic institutions, such as the mediæval church, with intellectual tendencies, such as the German and French romantic movements, or with national strivings for expression, as in the music of Russia or Finland — music takes to our view a representative aspect and aids us in attaining a deeper knowledge of the epochs to which these phenomena belong.

Not less stimulating to our curiosity are the biographical suggestions that spring up the moment we are drawn to the work of any one of the great leaders of musical progress. Every composition that possesses the decided note of individuality startles us with the conviction that a message from a fellow being is conveyed to us; that it is not a formal piece of handicraft but an emanation from its author's essential life. We as human beings, alive to all things human, find that our hearts are awakened to sympathy with a heart that is appealing for our comprehension. One evidence of this is that we invariably wish to know the name of the composer of the music we enjoy. If the name had before been unfamiliar, then a new friend is added to our circle. If the music is the work of one who is already a favorite, about whose life we are already informed, then we join the present impression to previous impressions, all working together to enlarge our acquaintance with the honored master. We call an instrumental composition that bears a poetic title "representative"

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music; but is not every characteristic production of genius representative? Is there not something in the "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert that identifies him as distinct in temperament and experience from his contemporary peers, Beethoven and Weber; and, again, does not the music of these masters also disclose intellectual traits that could be definitely characterized, and that add a human interest to their art?

Thus individual works and groups of works appear to us enveloped in an atmosphere which colors and vitalizes them. Their ultimate value consists in their relation to life — the amount and quality of life which they contain.

V

That music is a natural outgrowth of the emotional life, that its significance lies in its testimony to that life, is shown, first, in its universality. There have been nations without sculpture, without painting, without architecture, none without some form, however crude, of music and poetry — these two arts in their earlier stages being always inseparably blended together. Knowledge may seclude itself for a personal advantage, but the emotions are always social; they strive to communicate themselves in the search for sympathy, and they find least resistance along the lines of sound and rhythm. Singing and dancing, with some kind of instrumental assistance, are universally employed

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among primitive peoples, for the purpose of obtaining a livelier consciousness of ideas that are held in common, and also for making those ideas operative in some way supposed to be helpful to the community. Instinctive desire for expression is seen in songs that celebrate the joys of war and the chase, the longings of love, the maternal feelings, the woe of bereavement, the every-day cares of the household, the various amenities that even the rudest life affords. Everything that can stir the heart to a quicker pulsation is heightened or alleviated by audible manifestations in which a regulative artistic principle may be perceived. Collective songs which have a practical utilitarian purpose may be grouped into two classes, viz., songs of labor and songs used in magical incantation. Rites of magic include almost everything that is called religious in the practice of primitive peoples, extending also far up into the ceremonies of the ancient cultured nations, such as the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. In songs of labor and songs that always accompany the ritual of sorcery we are face to face with the very origin of music and poetry.

When, in the further progress of the race, literary and plastic records appear, these records furnish constant evidence of the universal diffusion of musical practice. The pagan nations of ancient and modern times have shown their veneration for music by imputing its invention to the gods. The Hebrews alone refrained from such attribution, but

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they conformed to a universal belief in ascribing to music magical powers. The more enlightened the nation, as for example the Greeks, the more refined and extended music became, and the more prominent the place assigned to it in the systems of philosophers, educators, and lawgivers. That out of this universal love of music no independent and progressive musical art was achieved by the cultivated nations of antiquity may be partially explained by the persistent notion that the essential purpose of music is utilitarian — for example, acting as an efficient means of controlling the invisible powers in magical incantations, stimulating the physical energies in labor, guiding the dance, supporting the voice in poetic recitation. The full development of an independent art of tone is impossible without an elaborate scientific theory, and the only class capable of such an achievement was one whose official station and habits of mind kept them bound to custom and tradition. It may be also, as Dr. Washington Gladden has suggested, that spiritual refinement must attain a higher stage before music, "the most spiritual of the arts," could fulfil the powers that are latent within it. "The revelation of God to man is always a slow and gradual process — this phase of it as well as any other."

This fact of the tardiness of music in reaching its full independence, however it may be explained, in no way lessens the importance of music as a factor in the history of culture. It is only a matter

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of degrees; the powers of music as an exponent of essential needs of the human spirit have never failed to manifest themselves since humanity became self-conscious. The revived study of folk-song in recent times is the expression of the belief on the part of modern scholarship that in the more remote records of melody and poetry are to be found important lessons in racial psychology. For the songs of a people are the most spontaneous expression of fundamental traits of character, truthful because they are not the product of that deliberate reflection which often involves a certain danger of insincerity. The songs of a nation that possesses a strongly marked individuality will distinctly differ from those of its neighbors; they will embody some peculiar types of melody, tonality, rhythm, or embellishment which are plainly suggestive of certain distinctive qualities in the national temperament. No connoisseur in such matters would mistake a Gaelic folk-song of Scotland or Ireland for a French chanson, or a German lied for an Italian romanza. These songs first appear among the unlettered class, and have no connection with the cultured art which may flourish in their neighborhood; they are quickened by the commonplace events that arouse personal or social self-consciousness; they are adopted into the every-day life of the community, and become endeared by association with a multitude of intimate and common interests. If we wish to penetrate into the very heart of a people, to comprehend what is

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most sincere and fundamental in its character, we may receive no slight assistance from the testimony to be found in its store of popular song.

Let us come higher, into the vast wealth of the cultivated, scientific music of the past three centuries, and we shall find there a still more illuminating relation to national life. The genius of each of the three foremost musical nations, Italy, Germany, and France, has imparted clearly defined and special characteristics to the works of its representative composers. Lightness of movement, a vocal quality as distinct from instrumental, emphasis upon tuneful melody, symmetry of form, a strong tendency to reflect transient emotions and general ideas, are apparent in Italian music. In Germany, the melody, less suave and regular, more free, terse, and impassioned, is less separate in its impression from the solid basis of harmony out of which it seems to grow; grandeur of design, massiveness and complexity of structure, depth and earnestness, an insistent striving after varied expression even to the sacrifice of superficial charm — these features are characteristically Teutonic. In the work of the leading French composers there is everywhere apparent a love of the dramatic and picturesque, an effort to present definite conceptions, a fondness for moulding the work in accordance with preconceived theories, predominance of the critical and reflective over the creative and spontaneous, superrefinement of technique, elegance, grace, and proportion. These traits have their

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parallel in tendencies that have given to the whole intellectual achievements of these nations — particularly literature and art — their historic character. So tenacious are these peculiarities that they survive even that strong cosmopolitan tendency that appears in the work of certain exceptional artists of recent days, which strives to obliterate national distinctions in the effort to work out problems that are common to the whole intellectual world. Equally illustrative of the persistent control of music by national temperament is the product of such recent aspirants for musical renown as Russia, Norway, and Finland. Indeed, nothing is more clear than that the former unification of musical style was greatly due to the hegemony of Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of Germany in the nineteenth, and that the struggle everywhere at the present day — one that is also beginning to be felt in America — is for independent national assertion.

Not less striking are the differences in physiognomy and purpose between the music of the eighteenth century and that of the nineteenth, differences plainly corresponding to social and intellectual features which distinguish those periods from one another. The patronage of the progressive music of the eighteenth century was almost completely in the hands of the aristocratic, fashionable class (one who makes an exception of J. S. Bach overlooks the great part played by secular music in his work and his education); and as the

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ideas and manners of this class were very much the same all over Europe, national distinctions are less evident than they are in the changed conditions of the nineteenth century. The secular music of the old régime took its direction from the salon and the opera-house; French and Italian fashions ruled in music; the art became formal and academic, being conceived as essentially a means of transient entertainment, deferential to the light tastes of a pleasure-seeking nobility. The character of schools of art depends much upon the character of their patronage; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, probably for the last time in the history of the world, the arts were subject to the rule of a hereditary governing aristocracy.

Neither were the dominant intellectual forces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries such as would stimulate the noblest powers of an art like music. It was the age of Enlightenment and Rationalism, where the reliance in the search for truth was upon the sharp discriminating understanding, not upon the intuition, when the world of sense and experience was the whole world of reality, and the search most worthy of man was conceived as that which makes for distinctness and clearness of observation and conception. The dominant spirit was that of analysis, criticism, and logic. With the rejection of authority there was laid the foundation of science and individual freedom, but this gain was paid for by a distrust and virtual repression of forces such as those which produced the

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ages of religious enthusiasm and the great creative periods of art. In such an atmosphere music could attain formal elegance, technical precision, and melodious charm — it could not find an open field for the exercise of its full emotional energy. No more instructive illustration of the dependence of music upon circumstances can be found than in the work of Handel — a man nine-tenths of whose enormous intellectual force was wasted because he could not escape from the limitations imposed by the narrow, superficial requirements of his public.

The great tone masters of the nineteenth century felt the stir of far mightier forces, for they were sons of the people in a sense in which the composers of the eighteenth century were not. The problems of the age, its hopes, its doubts, its spiritual strivings, penetrated their souls and vibrate in their music. They could not in any other period have been what they were. The art of the eighteenth century, as a rule, ignored the existence of passion, misery, and fear — there was no place in it for a Millet, a Rodin, or a Dostoievsky; the art of the nineteenth century digs deep into the facts of human nature and does not shrink before its discoveries. Analogous contrasts may be found in the music of the two epochs. Even had the instruments and the forms been ready, no "Symphonie pathétique," no "Tristan und Isolde," could have sprung from the light soil of the eighteenth century.

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VI

The history of music leads into fields that are inexhaustible in instruction and suggestiveness. Jules Combarieu, at the close of his study of the development of musical art, asks the old question, why music has held so great a place in the progress of civilization, and, passing by the conventional explanations, finds his answer in the simple fact that man is a being of faith, imagination, and sentiment. That prolific and harmonious culture of the Greeks can hardly be appreciated without taking account of the part that music played in their education. The development of Roman Catholic music from the fifth century to the sixteenth not only throws a vivid light upon some of the modes of thought of the Middle Ages, but also helps us to understand the unique power which the Roman Catholic polity and discipline have always exercised upon the human mind. The influential part which the German Chorale played in the early extension of Protestantism is known to all students of the Reformation. The religious works of Sebastian Bach, which were based to a large extent upon the Chorale, clearly reflect the spirit and temper of German Protestantism. The career of the opera is closely bound up with the history of European manners for three hundred years. Music is the typical art of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as painting was of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth, and demands for its full compre-

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hension a similar reference to its historic background. The musical problems of the nineteenth century — the relation of music to religion; the transition from the classic ideal to the romantic, closely paralleled by a similar change in literature and painting; the rise of programme music, involving difficult questions concerning the nature and scope of music's expressive power; the union of music and poetry, its manner and effect; the extraordinary success of Wagner's works, and the revolution in the whole theory of dramatic music which they caused; the rapid extension of musical study throughout Europe and America, and the effect upon taste and production; the transfer of patronage from the aristocracy to the mixed public; the establishment of the concert system, and the multiplication of institutions for musical extension — these phenomena, and many more which might engage our attention, prove that music as an art of expression reaches far beyond one's own private experiences and predilections, and claims the respect of every one who concerns himself with the interests that have occupied mankind from age to age.

Just as soon as the mind ranges reflectively over any considerable area of musical history, it is perceived that music has been subject to the ebb and flow of tendencies which offer such analogies to certain general movements in the intellectual world that it would be impossible to consider the correspondence as accidental. While it would be in-

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exact to say that the larger currents of music are at any time constrained by any particular phenomena in politics or literature — as, for example, that the tumult in Beethoven's music was caused by the social upheavals of his time, or that the romantic phase of music was a result of the romantic school of poetry — yet the analogies between certain dominant traits in musical development and contemporary changes in other fields of expression are so evident that it would be just as unphilosophical to declare that the developments of music have been exclusively due to its own inner necessities of growth as a similar assertion would be in respect to any other historic form of art or literature. The truth would seem to be that music is equally sensitive to those currents which are always flowing in the deeper tracts of human consciousness; and when they come to the surface, and effect those transitions which distinguish epoch from epoch, music, like every other form of ideal manifestation, is swayed and colored by them and bears its own witness to their nature and necessity. Thus the life-work of such commanding geniuses as Beethoven and Wagner cannot be explained by looking at the periodic progress of musical art considered by itself alone. Their forms and technique might possibly be so explained, although even this is doubtful; but the content and spirit of their work, the ideas which they consciously strove to impart, the direct appeal which they made to the sympathetic comprehension of their con-

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temporaries — these were a response of delicately sensitive intellects to a stimulus that derived much of its direction from their intellectual and even their physical environment. Even their forms and technique underwent this compulsion, for form and technique in the hands of a great artist are simply conveniences nearest at hand through which, as along the line of least resistance, his impulses move. Technique and form are not implements mechanically fabricated in advance of the feeling to be conveyed. In the early days of counterpoint doubtless they were so, but not since the period — we may say the sixteenth century — when scientific music first became aware that its true function in life was expression. An artist of original creative power chooses certain forms because his genius works most easily by means of them. In his early days, when he follows his models, his choice of form is due to his education, but not when he attains maturity. Then he commands his form instead of being commanded by it. Witness the manner in which Bach and Beethoven played with the forms of fugue and sonata, finding in them freedom and not repression. Not even the fulness of time, increasing the appliances of music and expanding its technical range, could have made the work of such men as Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, what it was, if the intellectual and social *milieu* had been different. They were not merely the product of an inevitable musical evolution — they were the product of their age, and witnesses to it.

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Not only are the dominant tendencies of a period disclosed in the work of the modern tone masters, but also the cross currents, eddies, and reactions, as in the creations of such men as Brahms and Mendelssohn. The nineteenth century was not only a revolutionary age, endowed with forward-reaching energies which have transformed the very aspect of civilization as well as its consciousness, but it was also an age of eclecticism, of frequent hesitations, subject to seasons of doubt as well as self-confidence, individuals and even groups often seeking refuge amid its uncertainties in convictions where repose seemed once to have been attained. Stability, if found anywhere, is found in the past, in institutions, customs, and beliefs that have acquired a semblance of authority; and so, in an age conspicuously marked by individualism, in which strong minds demand release from every shackle that would impede the free exercise of their thought and action, fear of consequences drives others to less adventurous courses, impelling them to seek the comfort of well-known harbors rather than the dubious treasures that are found only amid the perils of uncharted seas. Both procedures, however, the radical and the reactionary, have something in common, both have the nineteenth-century stamp upon them, for they are dictated by a sense of personal liberty and responsibility, far more than was the case in former epochs when the individual was more subject to the general belief and custom of his community or class. A man may choose

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orthodoxy, in spite of a strong current in the opposite direction, but he feels himself free in choosing it.

This rebellion against the coercion of types, so characteristic of all departments of thought in the nineteenth century, is strikingly apparent in music, and explains the greater variety and force of the music of that century as compared with the music of its predecessor. In fact, instead of music being less responsive than the other arts to encompassing spiritual forces, it is, when comprehensively studied, often distinctly more so; and while it is called the modern art because it has flowered only in the past four hundred years, it is especially entitled to that designation because of its flexibility, its complexity, its subtlety of expression of every shade of feeling, the readiness of its attachment to advancing ideas. Even from the merely historic point of view, therefore, music challenges the attention of the historian and the sociologist, and propounds problems which require a grasp and an acumen that may be worthily fostered in the most austere haunts of learning.

VII

In proportion as art in its development acquires self-consciousness and technical freedom, interest is more and more concentrated upon the lives and characters of representative artists. The habit of mind fostered by the scientific spirit of our day

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inclines us to inquire not only concerning the immediate effect of a work of art, not only concerning the elements of which it is composed, but also how it came to be. We discover that the works of any artist of the first rank exhibit qualities that plainly distinguish them from the productions of others — that each has what we call his individual style. These differences of style are not superficial acquisitions, but are inherent, and are inseparably identified with dispositions which distinguish the artist as a man from other men. They are forms of expression which the artist cannot alter by any amount of effort; they are identified with the very texture and tendency of his mind. In every work of strong individuality there is a revelation of the author's self. This essential self may be made manifest after the work has been — somewhat mechanically — begun; or the spiritual turmoil may come first, excited by some actual experience of pleasure or pain — it does not matter, the work is the expression of an antecedent reality, and is an appeal for human sympathy. At once there is a sense of fellowship aroused in us, and so far as we are capable of like experiences (as when we look at a landscape-painting, or hear a poem or a poignant piece of music) the love for the work passes at once into a feeling of companionship with the known or unknown author. We cannot evade this *camaraderie;* there are no others with whom we feel more closely akin than those who put our own conscious or latent

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emotion into beautiful form. If these works were not embodiments of the very soul of their creators, this feeling on our part could not possibly exist. In every true work of art a virtue lies which cannot be explained except in terms of human expression and human need.

The life thus revealed is not the life of an artist disengaged from the complete life of a man. For man is a unit, not a jumble of unrelated faculties, and every performance of his, whether of high imagination or the most prosaic routine, is regulated by the personality that is distinctively his own. The genius and the experience of the artist may be so far removed from any consciousness of ours, his language may be so difficult, that his work seems to us at first like a hieroglyphic to which we have no key; but we believe that if the barrier could be broken we should discover a soul sufficiently like our own as to seem neighborly and companionable. This insatiable craving to find the man behind the work accounts for the sadness we feel over the hopelessness of knowing anything of the authors of the *Iliad* and the *Book of Job*. It accounts for the unwearied persistence which for generation after generation pursues the quest for any record that may uncover the mystery of Shakespeare's life, and reads into the *Sonnets* a confession that brings this seemingly supernatural being down nearer to our earth.

The pursuit of signs of character as revealed in works of the imagination presents far more diffi-

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culty in music than in representative art or poetry. In the case of the latter we are usually able to go directly from the work to the artist; in the case of music we seek first after external evidences and interpret the work in the light of these. The correspondences between music and event or disposition are not obvious; the testimony is not direct; we must employ inferences which easily go astray into sentimental assumptions. Stevenson's remark that every work of art is conscious of a background no doubt applies to music, but here the background often seems lost in mists and shadows. So uncertain are the clews that one school of critics refuses to find in music any indication of character outside the composer's musical genius, which to them is a thing apart; while others, agreeing that music is a personal disclosure, often radically disagree in their interpretations. Goethe once said that every poem of his was a confession, and such we may easily believe was often the case with the compositions of a Beethoven, a Wagner, a Chopin, a Tchaikovsky. But the thing confessed — what is it that shows the "Sonata Appassionata," "Parsifal," the "Polonaise in F sharp minor," or the "Symphonie pathétique" to be a window into the composer's soul and not simply a piece of skilful handicraft? The music alone is incapable of furnishing the evidence; we must go outside of it and search the records of the artist's life, his words, the testimony of his contemporaries. We must also match works with one another, sum-

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marize the achievements of a period in the artist's career, find some fibre that connects his inner with his outer world, identify the complex interaction of elements that makes the product not only an expression of the artist's mood but also representative of forces that acted upon him. But — and here is the essential point — when the connection between the composition and the artist's life is found, then the music appears as a more conclusive witness to his essential spiritual nature than any other evidence whatever. The first suggestion must come from without, but compared with the searching truth of the music it is only partial and provisional.

In all our attempts to fathom the real significance of music we are thrown back upon the deeper problems of personality. Where is the essential life of the composer to be found? What is the hidden mine from which he drew the jewels of his melody? That there is a subconscious region in which their elements lie hidden is beyond question; but what were the forces that deposited them there and then moulded them into form? Was there a hereditary influence at work, and if so when did it begin? Does it reach backward to the first glimmering of consciousness upon this globe? If, on the other hand, the rudiments of these sounding forms were coincident with the artist's own separate experience, how did this experience act? If the causative force was subconscious, or if it consisted in physical or emotional stimuli coming from outside, of which

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the musician was aware at the moment — in either case the mystery is no less; for, if the latter was the fact, what was the alchemy that transmuted the sensation of pleasure or pain into a musical phrase? When Mendelssohn, on the occasion of his visit to the Hebrides, wrote a few bars of music in a letter to a friend, "to show you how powerfully the place affected me," the connection between the scene and the music was real, but how was it effected? A composer reads a tale, sees a landscape, meets a friend — at once melodies and harmonies spring from their hiding-place into his consciousness. He writes a song — it is incorrect to say that he tries to imitate or represent the imagery or sentiment of the poem; a vivid impression is made upon his mind and something comes forth that is a mystical paraphrase in tones of the poet's thought. With Hugo Wolf this transition often occurred in the hours of sleep — the song being full-formed in the brain on waking and needing only to be written down; with Schubert the magic formula was pronounced the instant the verses were read, and presto! a lovely melody stepped forth complete. A musician's mind may be subject for a long time to some powerful excitement, as Wagner, Beethoven, and Schumann in their love-longings, and this conflagration in the soul kindles a flame in the music which burns in us also as we hear it. There was a passionate love of nature in Beethoven which was the source of some of his noblest music. "When I am in the fields," he said, "it seems as though

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every tree cried Holy! Holy! Holy!" Religious faith and patriotism gave Verdi's "Requiem" its incomparable splendor. The "B Minor" and "D Major" masses, "The Passion According to St. Matthew," "The Beatitudes," "The Dream of Gerontius" — what are they but fragments thrown off from a larger whole, testifying to a force that dominated the very life of their creators? We call music subjective, abstract, "an appeal to the sixth sense in terms of the fourth dimension," but these terms come from an æsthetic that is out of date, or at best figurative and approximate. The ties that bind music to the world of sense and experience are invisible, but they existed from the beginning and they are never completely severed. Nothing can come from nothing — music, like every other activity, is life movement taking a special form. It is response to stimulus. This stimulus may come from a musical experience — Bach often played the works of other men in order to excite his own invention — but the shock that strikes the creative fire may come from one of an innumerable variety of experiences. Whatever the shock may be, the result is moulded and colored by the composer's own spiritual constitution, which also changes and develops under the vicissitudes of his life.

The laws of musical composition are not understood, but we are coming to realize that there are laws, and that they do not separate the musician from his fellow men. The greatest musician is he who lives most amply and intensely. He speaks

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to us through his art; his message is sincere and we get more of life by reading it. Ah, but how difficult the reading is! How we stammer over his phraseology, and in despair are often driven to assert that the communication is unintelligible because it means nothing! We do not see the truth, that the musician's language is a universal human language, and that we have only to awaken faculties that are latent in all of us to perceive that the message is its own interpreter.

The tone masters are spokesmen of our race, and it behooves us to listen to their prophecy. No doubt the deeper significance of their speech can only be intuitively discerned, and in this we are helped in our own experience of life, which will prepare for us the responsive frame. Only he who has known love can know the songs of Schumann. Vincent d'Indy's word is as true for the hearer as for the performer when he asserts that no one should undertake the interpretation of the "Sonata Appassionata" who has not himself suffered. No doubt there is danger of pressing these correspondences too far, but there can be no question that we receive vast aid to musical comprehension by studying the lives of those who have manifestly put their rejoicing or sorrowing hearts into their harmonies.

VIII

The biographies and recorded utterances of the great composers are alone sufficient to refute many

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of the current shallow notions regarding the intellectual and spiritual content of the art they glorified. The value of art is a recreative value, one says. Art is an outgrowth and a higher manifestation of the play impulse, says another — the simulation by animals and undeveloped men of primitive acts that were useful to life, "the spontaneous employment of forces acquired by nutrition." "Hence art is a higher form of play, and, to those who receive it, essentially the enjoyment attached to the idle contemplation of forms." From this point of view the aim of art is to "treat reality as a spectacle, real objects as if they were images of themselves, the functions of life as if they were a sport." This is not the opinion of the artists, who may, perhaps, be allowed to have a word in the matter. "There has hardly ever been a creative artist of the first rank," says Rudolph Eucken (he might have said never), "who professed the æsthetical view of life, for such a one cannot look upon art as a separate sphere dissociated from the rest of life; he must put his whole soul into his creation, he cannot be satisfied with mere technique, and he is far too conscious of the difficulties and shortcomings of this creation to make it a mere matter of enjoyment. As a matter of fact, the æsthetical view of life is professed not so much by artists themselves as by dilettantists, who study art from the outside, and often enough force their theories upon the artists, who, not so much disposed to abstract discussion, and indeed defense-

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less against it, hardly realize that this separation of art from life as a whole does not elevate art but degrades it."

Confirmations of this statement by the philosopher of Jena spring up readily in the mind of any one who is at all conversant with the history of music. "The world does not see," exclaimed Beethoven, "that music is a revelation, sublimer than all wisdom, than all philosophy." An exaggerated expression, no doubt, the words of a fanatic perhaps, but they give no help to the "play theory," or the theory of passive contemplation. Handel, in the middle of the century which held almost universally the belief that music existed for amusement, rebuked a well-meant compliment to the "entertainment" which his music had given the town with the proud confession: "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better." And when he was writing the "Hallelujah" chorus of the "Messiah" he thought he saw "heaven open and the great God himself."

The masters of music have been leaders, not followers, of the æsthetic movement of their age; uplifting the taste of the time, not subservient to it; the servants of their genius and the truth of art, not of the fickle public; devotees of an ideal that was not granted to their contemporaries. The reforms of Gluck and Wagner were in a real sense moral reforms; the purpose was so lofty that it took no account of the perils that confront every one who defies the customs and settled be-

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liefs of the day. The ruling motive of Sebastian Bach was not to earn his salary as a routine choir-director, but to achieve perfection; not to gain fame, which he never knew, but to perform true service to God and his church. The annals of music abound in inspiriting examples of austerity and consecration. In every period one finds shining instances of men who held stoutly to truth and noble purpose in the midst of every temptation to compromise, suffering privation, obloquy, and the bitter trials of defeated hope in obedience to the higher law which bade them use their powers for the good of their fellow men and not for emolument. Art, like religion, has its noble army of martyrs, music no less than its sister arts, and hardly a great musician has been spared some measure of the pain which the world is ever prone to inflict upon its benefactors.

IX

The scrutiny of the lives of the great composers, as of the masters in the other arts, suggests inquiry concerning the ethical as well as the intellectual consequences of exclusive occupation in imaginative creation. This phase of the subject might be dismissed as irrelevant on the ground that inquisition of morals is inapplicable to any particular class or profession as compared with others, were it not for the fact that artists, both creative and reproductive, are frequently singled

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out by a certain order of self-appointed censors for special reprobation. The frequent discussion of the connection between art and morality implies that their spheres naturally unite, or ought to do so, and that the motto *noblesse oblige* is especially applicable to artists, who represent in the eyes of the world an agency of such vast powers of instruction and inspiration. It is certain that the members of the artistic professions have never claimed exemption from the ethical requirements that obtain among the generality of mankind, but at the same time they have never admitted that the duties of their office made it incumbent upon them to pose as teachers of morals and religion. The release which they have finally won from the overlordship of the church and the state has simply consisted in the assertion of a privilege that lies in the very nature of their calling. In the interest of a divine right, viz., freedom of self-expression, the artist is his own spiritual adviser, and he declares that the obligation to be true to the idea which strives instinctively for realization is to him the one supreme law. The influence of his work upon others and their judgment upon it is to him a matter of minor concern, and the man who is least troubled by questions of the moral effect of a particular work of art is the man who produced it. It could hardly enter his mind that a work which he knew to be sincere could be morally injurious to any one, for it is a principle generally to be accepted that the moral or immoral effect of a work

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of art depends upon the spirit and motive of its author and not upon the subject or the particular manner of technical handling. The influence of art does not lie in its form but in its spirit, and the spirit will be in accord with that of its creator, and will not be hidden from an intelligent observer.

It must be confessed that it is easy for the artist to lose sight of certain ethical considerations which, because of prejudice or conventional habits of thought, may intrude upon the æsthetic point of view in the case of an observer who has not been trained to look for the spirit within the form. When the artist conceives his idea, and when he is in the stress of executing it, he is absorbed and isolated. He is alone with his vision; he does not inquire whence the vision came; it is to him good because it is his own. He inhabits a separate world, of which he is (or so it appears to him) the creator. His only conscious motive is an artistic one. When he emerges from this retreat it is to enter another, and his whole life is a succession of such self-centred experiences. His chief consciousness is one of free, self-impelled activity; least of all does he feel restraint by anything outside the laws of his art.

Every strong, compelling force in human nature tends to run to excess by losing sight of counterbalancing considerations, and the very quality of mind that produces great art would naturally tend to promote a disregard of the prudences, with their side glances at neighborhood opinion, which make

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up so much of ordinary life. "The two spheres [of art and morality]," says Eucken, "seem to place life under opposed tasks and valuations. Morality demands a subordination to universally valid laws; art on the other hand desires the freest development of individuality. Morality speaks with the stern voice of duty; art invites the free play of all our forces."

It is not strange that an artist, who rightly demands the free exercise of his individual genius, should, when placed in the midst of a philistine and bourgeois environment, sometimes carry conceptions that belong to art over into social relations, and convince himself that the unhampered activity of his natural inclination in one field is incompatible with constraint in the other. This instinctive craving for liberty on all sides, permitting the dominant passion for artistic independence to overflow into the domain of ethics, explains episodes which we would gladly hide in the lives of such men as Liszt, Wagner, and Berlioz. When we perceive similar lapses in the careers of a considerable number of poets and novelists in the same period, particularly in France, we explain them in the same way — as phenomena to be expected in a revolutionary epoch such as that of nineteenth-century French romanticism, where license is the shaded side of the just revolt against an arbitrary traditionalism. Any one, however, who should suppose that such deflections are characteristic tendencies in the life devoted to art would show a

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discreditable ignorance of art history. Art is by no means prone to abuse its freedom; in fact, caution and respectful deference to current habits and ideas are far more observable, even in the most brilliant periods of art development, than defiant self-assertion. Art is more inclined to steady the better tendencies of the time than to unsettle them, and this applies especially to the field of ethics. Art history discloses many such gratifying spectacles as that of the Italian Renaissance, when the artists were far more conspicuous witnesses to the everlasting principles of morality than the political leaders or even the princes of the church. Music shows us men like Beethoven and Handel, stainlessly pure amid fashionable corruption; men like Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Grieg, and many others of the Romantic period, leading domestic lives of an almost commonplace simplicity amid the emotional excitements and social rivalries of their calling; men like Palestrina, Bach, and Franck laying their vast powers humbly before the throne of the God whom they served through the ministry of his visible church; groups of men, more obscure but not less heroic, such as the organists and cantors of the German Protestant Church in the seventeenth century, who kept bright the pure flame of art and piety amid the frightful demoralizations of the Thirty Years' War. Not less striking is the superiority of the motives of many of the composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in all western

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Europe to the shallow ideals of the fashionable society upon whose patronage music in that period was forced almost wholly to depend.

But why all this pother over the conduct of artists, and the imaginary conflict between art and morality? Where is the real man to be found if not in his art, the master passion of his soul? Is the real Beethoven in his rough jokes and his quarrels with his landladies, or in the "Ninth Symphony" and the "Missa Solemnis"? Wagner's life shows us much that is petty and ignoble, but did "Lohengrin," and "The Ring of the Nibelung," and "Tristan und Isolde," and "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," and "Parsifal" come from a mean and corrupt source? Have the masters of music been lovers and servants of their kind, or egotistic exploiters of their fellow men? When we sum up the whole question, is not Guyau correct in his belief that great art results from living the life of all beings and expressing this life by means of elements borrowed from reality? "The great artist is not he who contemplates; it is he who loves and who communicates his love to others." Eucken sums up the whole question of the relation of art to morality when he says, reviewing the history of the apparent discrepancy between these two spheres of human life: "Morality was able to escape the danger of becoming rigid and superficial only by entering into wider relationships. When the movement took place, however, in so far as it led toward the appropriation of a new reality, and in so far

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as it came to mean not merely the correct fulfilment of command but an inward renewal of man, a progress toward newness of life, it found art absolutely indispensable; for this new matter could not be comprehended as a whole, and become really present and alive, without the assistance of artistic activity; nor could it become really universal in the absence of the constructive labor of art, weaving inward and outward together. When the great object is to attain to a new world and a new life, to rise above the petty aims of the mere man and mere every-day life, then art, with its quiet and sure labor conditioned by the inner necessities of things, with its inner liberation of the soul, and with its power to bring the whole infinitude of being inwardly near to us, and to make it part of our own life, must be directly reckoned as moral."

X

In view of these considerations, inferred from the impressions given by great musical works and from the statements of the composers in regard to the principles that actuated them, we cannot fail to find a profound significance in the fact of the supreme development of music in such a century as the nineteenth. For here we have a period distinguished, beyond all that have preceded, for scientific research, for the practical application of scientific discovery to every convenience of life, for enormous expansion of industry and commerce,

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for prodigious accumulation of material goods, for the passionate assertion of the sufficiency of visible nature to supply the urgent needs of mankind. The result of such ambitions and the enormous rewards that have followed labor and enterprise would be, we might suppose, a submergence of the spiritual consciousness, a check to the purer idealisms, involving the progressive atrophy of those desires which the religions have held as witnesses to the true needs and possibilities of the soul. And yet it has not been so. There has never been a time when the cravings of the spirit were more apparent, or the evidence more distinct that the attainment of material power cannot satisfy the most insistent longings of human nature. The several forms of art have no doubt been greatly affected by certain special requirements of an industrial age; commercialism has deflected taste into channels marked out by its own requirements, and here and there the effect is seen in tendencies toward sheer ostentation and vulgarity. Even music has not escaped such unfavorable influence; but the powerful uplift in music upon the subjective, personally emotional side, together with a renewed outburst of creative power in painting and sculpture, the recent revival of poetry, including poetry of an inward, mystical type — all this forms a counterbalance which renews the hope that it will appear in the future as well as in the past that man will not, for any great length of time, lose sight of those spiritual forces which must, if any,

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prove his ultimate salvation. Let it not be thought extravagant to say that the great composers of the nineteenth century are as truly the exponents of its character as the scientific discoverers or the captains of industry.

XI

When we turn our attention away from historic and biographical considerations and listen, as we commonly do in opera-house and concert hall, to musical works for the immediate and direct enjoyment of something in itself sufficiently beautiful, we easily discover that even here intelligence has a serviceable part to play, and that the permanence, and even the keenness, of our satisfaction is connected with our antecedent state of preparation. Through instruction we are brought to the appreciation of music as a fine art rather than an aimless flow of unrelated sounds. In music, as well as in poetry, we look before and after; the impression of an instant has no point except as it is related to previous impressions and excites an expectancy of impressions to follow. It is the before and after that gives each tone its life and meaning. As the composer thinks in relations, so the listener must hear in relations. The ability thus to gather the parts into a coherent whole comes with experience and knowledge; there is a period in the life of a child when he cannot grasp even the simplest melody as a whole; and the

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adult cannot apprehend a complex form as a work of art and grasp the composer's intention unless he knows how to direct his observation and co-ordinate his perceptions. The keenest natural sensibility to music's spell will carry one but a little way without some knowledge of the principles of musical design. The study of those principles transforms the heedless amateur into a connoisseur; with the ability to trace the fluid organization of harmony and form, there is disclosed to him a plastic power in the composer's material which permits an endless variety of interesting texture, and enables him to acquire the conception of unity as the aim of variety, of clear-sighted contrivance, of the adaptation of means to æsthetic ends. The ability to recognize details as parts of a still more beautiful whole — one of the essentials of a cultivated mind — is effectually promoted by the analysis of musical works. If in a ballet dance the enjoyment of the spectator is increased, as we are assured by its supporters, by some knowledge of its technique, how much more must this be the case in the art of music. In the swift succession of the tonal factors a constant tax is imposed upon the memory in the adjustment of departed to immediate sensations. Not only this, but each instant's perception is compound, including relations of pitch, volume, and timbre, each part flexible as it sways under the pressure of rhythm, and yet only to be evaluated, like a figure in a tapestry, as it combines with other components

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of the design. To clear one's path through these shifting entanglements, and follow the law that directs each and the law that binds them into unity, is to impose a task upon the mind which can be accomplished only through preliminary study, reinforced by a concentration of attention which many persons, even with the best of will, find almost painful to sustain for any considerable length of time. The discipline involved, for instance, on the part of a conscientious musical critic, who must give to his readers in the morning a judgment upon a complex composition heard for the first time the evening before, can with difficulty be imagined by one who hears music in that languid, passive manner that is the utmost of which many concert habitués are capable. The hearing that really hears is emphatically an active exercise, for it reaches out and seizes the swiftly flying webs of sound and holds them tenaciously for inspection. With this process there comes a mental provocation that is peculiarly invigorating — not merely the invigoration that attends every healthful exercise of faculty, but a lasting enrichment of mental treasure — the conviction that one is in possession of something alive as well as beautiful, something substantial, not subject to decay.

In the scientific, theoretical divisions of musical art there appear fields for the exercise of the most active intellectual powers. In acoustics, physiology, tonality, harmony, counterpoint, form, instrumentation, orchestration, composition, the most

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indefatigable scholarship may find ample scope for its energy, not only in the way of investigation leading to further knowledge, but also in the analysis and comparison which constitute a rational basis for exact and comprehensive criticism.

XII

Still farther must we proceed in our estimate of the function which music performs in the life of culture. The gratification that arises from the analysis of the wonderful properties which music exhibits as an art of form, must be supplemented by more inward and spontaneous reactions if music is to fulfil the higher ends of art. The final appeal of music is to the emotional nature, and its special commendation to the heart of man is that it is the freest outlet for his tenderest feelings, and is capable of producing a keenness of ecstasy that is beyond the reach of any other artistic agency. In this latter quality lies not only its glory but also its danger. If musical indulgence lulls the strong faculties to sleep, if it stirs feeling that is shallow or ignoble, if it makes one less steadfast in the performance of daily duty, then whatever its fascinations it cannot be held as innocent. But any one who supposes that such debilitating results are inherent in the very nature of music has been very unfortunate in his experience, or else there is something wrong in his philosophy. There can be no question that music — rightly pursued, be it ob-

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served — is an efficient agent in the fortifying of the higher sentiment, the development of the clarifying, uplifting emotions. The secret lies in the selection for companionship of works that are the product of strong, sincere feeling, earnest purpose, and unyielding will. From such works comes a shock that vitalizes while it disturbs. Our business is, by the intelligent use of the means at hand, to open channels through which the spirit of the masters may flow into our own without impediment.

Right here lies the chief worth of association with great works of art: they are emanations from the intellect that produced them, the virtue that goes out of them is one that was merely transmitted, they draw us into a charmed circle where a strong intellectual force is dominant. A work of art is great just as there is a quality of greatness in its creator. When we survey a picture by Rembrandt or Millet, a statue by Michelangelo, or hear a symphony by Beethoven we are brought into contact with a heroic personality, and our glad response is an evidence that we also have something heroic within us. These strong elements of life being put into distinct concrete form, they are enabled to act upon us directly; we recognize them as something suited to our need; we appropriate them and our spirits receive a new accession of strength. It is impossible to escape this influence, and the more we exercise ourselves upon life's problems the more we are indebted to these great spokesmen of humanity. It is in view of this fact

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that a modern writer has declared that "the poet, the artist, the seer are the men who, more than the professional philosophers, have preserved alive the inmost soul of humanity."

It is not too much to claim for the art of music that it conveys messages drawn from the very sources of emotional life and character with even greater force than the representative arts. It is, indeed, the highest function of representative art to convey general ideas whose profit is that they enrich feeling rather than add to knowledge — St. Gaudens's statues of Lincoln and Sherman, for example, deriving only a minor interest from accuracy of portraiture; toiling humanity passes before us in the rhythmic movement of Millet's Sower — yet it is in music that the splendor and pathos of life find their most unobstructed path to the sympathetic imagination. The profoundest commentators upon Beethoven — Wagner, Rolland, d'Indy, Combarieu — put this conception of the composer as hero into the forefront of their interpretation of his work, and for the same reason treat him as the typical modern musician. That the qualities which music symbolizes are abstracted from immediate locality and incident seems a gain rather than a loss. It is a common experience that ideas that are fundamental and especially penetrating are often imparted most conclusively by means that stir the emotion by indirection, as in noble buildings and memorials to great men and momentous achievements — Gothic cathedrals, for example,

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surpassing all possible didactic agencies in the compelling majesty by which they impress the mind with a sense of the nearness and wonder of the invisible world. In architecture, in music, in every process by which the reliance is upon symbolism rather than upon imitation, the peculiar effect is due to associations gathered from a multitude of impressions, inherited and acquired. With the mind open to such influences, knowing that the forms and colors of music are not mere mechanism ingeniously devised for play, but a congenial medium for the gratification of a spiritual need, then they come to us as tidings from a kindred mind — we feel the touch of a comrade's hand, we hear in the harmonies the sound of his voice.

Back of all this there is still another mystery, for the composer draws inspiration from a source that is not confined to his own experience and escapes the control of his will. Beyond the individual attributes which can, to some extent at least, be differentiated, as when we compare one composer's style with that of another, there is something which transcends all explanation, which analysis cannot reach or theories explore, an impulse which may be likened to a great tide flowing from the boundless deeps of universal Being, which, making its way through countless channels, reveals a part of itself to our senses and understanding. The deeper part, the final source of its vitality, is not so revealed; if known at all it is recognized only by our instincts and intuitions.

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XIII

Such an art as this is no vain or shallow thing. It has proved its necessity by serving as an inevitable accompaniment to every manifestation of the social consciousness from the dawn of history until now. One must observe also that music has a creative as well as an expressive power in respect to ideas and feelings. The author of *The Golden Bough* makes no unwarranted claim when he asserts that "this, the most intimate and affecting of the arts, has done much to create as well as to express religious emotion, thus modifying more or less deeply the fabric of belief." Similar are the reactions effected by music upon patriotism, the love of the sexes, humanitarian impulses, and all the instincts, passions, and determinations of which music is able to take cognizance. The principle so emphasized by modern psychology — that what we are depends to a great extent on what we do, that every expression modifies the nature that expresses — applies to communities and races as well as to individuals. Beginning as the overflow of simple emotion at a time when every manifestation of mood was crude and childish, employed also for utilitarian purposes without any recognition of æsthetic value, music has been continuously subject to the action of the reflective reason, cultivated for joy in its beauty, coming under the control of law, organizing objective forms which reacted upon the primordial impulse by affording it

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a means for freer movement; until at last, while still bringing to human sensibility the strongest stimulus attainable by art, music is so regulated by scientific procedure, so buttressed by method and precedent, that the excitements of raw emotionalism are made to yield to the higher æsthetic satisfactions.

These self-conscious forces, shaping the impulsive currents of tone into permanent artistic forms, do not, however, lay any fetters upon the free expansion of music's expressive energy. As it has kept pace with all the changes in social consciousness and institutional forms that are capable of co-operation with so delicate a vehicle, reflecting the shifting moods that result from such changes, so it will continue to do in spite of the hindrances of conservatism. There is as yet no apparent limit to the adaptability of music to certain constant demands of the spiritual nature. In spite of its magnificent achievements music is still in the experimental stage. The turmoil in the musical world to-day arises from the conviction that there are untraversed fields of expression still lying open before it. Its tendency is to ally itself still more intimately with the forward movements in art and literature, and to derive new forms and colors from their suggestion. Music is even more flexible in its adjustments than the other arts, which are restrained by their representative or utilitarian functions. For in music the mood is full master in conditioning the design and color, and neither ex-

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ternal nature nor past usage has the right to set limits to its extension. The lessons derived from the history and psychology of music are demonstrations of the mutual dependence of music and life, and they offer to the serious student assurance of rich stores of instruction in the time to come.

Here, then, is the credential which music presents to the college and university as it proudly asks the rights of domicile. Because of its æsthetic value as an art of form, its significance as an interpretation of life, its refining touch upon the emotional nature, and the means it affords for the culture of important elements of character, the old neglect must be no longer suffered, and the leadership in musical education on the interpretative and appreciative side must be assumed by those institutions whose very circumstances and prestige enable them to place such education upon solid intellectual foundations.

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PART III

TEACHER AND CRITIC: HIS PREPARATION AND HIS METHOD

I

ACCEPTING to the full the lessons which the history of art teaches us in regard to its function in the development of civilization, there can be no reasonable hesitation in according to art an honorable station in the college curriculum. The question is no longer concerning the existence of art in the college on some kind of terms — for no institution of learning rejects it altogether — but what the nature of those terms shall be. Shall the college be content with fine architecture while giving its students no instruction in regard to the reasons for its excellence; with occasional concerts and dramatic performances as a mere transient means of mental recreation; with a miscellaneous collection of art objects which few ever visit, and the nature of whose value an interested student is left to find out for himself? Or shall the college draw these agencies into close union with its methodical classroom instruction, showing its students

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how to judge as well as feel, and to develop a taste based on correct principles?

There is no doubt that the hesitation to give full privilege to æsthetic interests acts more obstructively in the case of music than it does in respect to plastic art, partly because its less obvious relation to actual life, and its predominant appeal to the senses and vague elemental sensibility, make the necessity for cool analytic procedure in the attainment of its appreciation less apparent. Even where the need of fine examples is recognized, it seems commonly taken for granted that the hearing of choice music and good performance is sufficient. Even those who value the presence of music in their lives are prone to assume that musical beauty must inevitably be its own witness, exercising as complete a command over the spirit as the beauty of sunshine and sky and verdure, which needs no argument or analysis, but sets the heart atremble with ecstasy when June takes the earth into her caressing arms. But even this comparison with nature, supposing it legitimate, breaks down when one considers that even the beauty of nature can never be fully known without the exercise of conscious active intelligence. There are resources of culture in the study of the picturesque aspects of the world which have never yet been recognized by professional educators. Not one in a hundred of those who call themselves lovers of nature really see what is before them. The colleges might to good advantage add courses in the

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appreciation of nature, with John C. Van Dyke's *Nature for Her Own Sake* for a text-book, and the writings of Ruskin, Thoreau, Jefferies, and "Fiona Macleod" for required reading. What many people call a love of nature is often hardly more than a sense of bodily comfort under pleasant atmospheric conditions, or delight in physical action quickened by external stimulus; but as a Wordsworth or Thoreau uses the term, or as a Corot or an Inness feels it, it is the result of education. The difference between a native Samoan and Winslow Homer in the love of the sea, or between a Swiss peasant and John Ruskin in face of the mountain gloom and glory, is simply a difference in culture. The "noble red man," contrary to a general impression, has no real love of nature; the most sensitive child sees but little in comparison with the revelation that will be granted him with his further intellectual development. We see not with our eyes but with our minds. There are astonishing revelations of natural beauty of color and form to one who reads the writings of the vision-maimed Lafcadio Hearn. The landscape artist is learning all his life not merely to paint but to see. Most of us are not much more than children in the trained use of our senses, and we should be able to profit greatly by the instruction of those who have learned the secret of true vision. We see what we have been taught to see. The man who has long enjoyed the companionship of the poets and painters of nature will see with their

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eyes as well as think in terms of their philosophy. After a course in Thoreau's "Journals" he will wonder at his former blindness, and the "Modern Painters" will endow him with new senses. The gain from the study of the visible aspects of nature with the help of the great artists is immense, for we learn that here also the richness of the result is proportioned to the degree of attention, comparison, and reflection which we bring actively to bear.

II

If we profit by the experience of others in attaining an intelligent love of nature, how much more in the appreciation of art! To him who is not instructed, but yet has an inborn capacity to feel, art too often leaves impressions of pleasure which are vague and unsystematized, impressions that quickly fade and fail permanently to enrich the understanding. As art is not the product of crude emotion, but lives only as trained intelligence and stern power of will meet in its creation, so its purpose is not fulfilled in the case of one who does not bring reflective understanding to its estimate. A thrill of pleasure which does not measure and compare, but finds its end in itself, is an experience that is delightful and pure, but does not enable its possessor to profit more by the next experience. He may indeed grow more sensitive with the repetition of nervous and emotional excitements, but the self-knowledge that is essential to intellectual progress

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is not materially increased. A true lover of art, in fact, will not frequent picture-galleries and concert halls without taking pains to meet their friendly offerings half-way. He wishes to become a critic, that is to say, to understand as well as to enjoy, to compare his impressions with those of his friend, and be able to give some reason for his preferences. The increase in depth of vision which is promoted by æsthetic contacts depends upon relations that are not discerned intuitively. The mind must first be cleared of erroneous notions concerning the nature and function of art, the eye and ear taught to select and combine in accordance with the dictates which the artist himself obeys, the right conclusion assisted by all manner of pertinent suggestions and indirect approaches, every hindrance due to wrong education or natural prejudice cleared away, so that the artist's message may find quick entrance into intellect and heart and fulfil its mission there.

III

To perform this generous service for students who wish to become connoisseurs in music is the privilege of him who assumes to teach the history and appreciation of this art. The remainder of the present discussion will be devoted to the question of his preparation and his methods. What should be his view of his art — its relations and significance, social and personal? How shall he

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go to work to enable his pupils to see below its surface and organize their detailed impressions into productive knowledge?

The first question has been treated in the preceding chapters. The second is now awaiting an answer. It divides into two problems, the teacher's equipment and the manner of his procedure with his class.

The rapid spread of interest in the history of music among American musicians and students in later years is a symptom which must give the liveliest satisfaction to every one who longs to see music take the station to which it is entitled among intellectual concerns. Still more recently, what is called "musical appreciation" has followed the lead of history, sometimes attaching itself to the skirts of its forerunner, sometimes, with a strange lack of wisdom, trying to break out a separate path of its own. Whatever may be said of the results thus far attained, the entrance of a subject so profound and far-reaching into musical education is an inspiriting spectacle to every musician who believes that his calling is as serious as any other. For just as soon as the study of an art is firmly planted upon a basis of historic criticism and a recognition of its intimate relation to life and the spiritual advancement of the individual and the race, then the stage of dilettanteism and trifling is past. Whenever works of musical art begin to be studied, not simply with a view to performance for temporary entertainment, but as

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vehicles for the presentation of beauty and the communication of vital emotion, then the student may be made to see that the complete lesson of musical art cannot be learned if each work is set apart and insulated. He discovers that there is an art of music — not merely separate works of art — having the attributes and large purpose that all the arts possess as factors in human progress. To live in the whole, which was Goethe's rule for the intellectual life, is likewise the condition of real profit in any single subject of inquiry. Every educator who knows what is going on in colleges, schools, and organized private circles perceives that music is everywhere being drawn into the grasp of this idea. Its progress is every day accelerated, and the enthusiasm on the part of teachers and pupils is prophetic of still finer results. Mechanical inventions have given this work an enormous impetus, for a difficulty that would have been insurmountable a few years ago — that of adequate illustration — has now been overcome. The whole ideal and practice of musical education are rapidly being transformed. The grand result of it all is that students of music are being made into thinkers instead of mere technicians. No longer are the musically gifted the only ones benefited by musical study — the great mass of the untalented may see that this difficult art has also something for them, if only they are willing to undergo the gentle discipline which opens the mind and makes wise their natural affection.

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IV

There is, however, a less cheerful side to the matter, which must receive the speedy consideration of teachers and directors of educational institutions. The demand for instructors is vastly in excess of competent supply, and the result is that there is no other subject in the whole circuit of our educational practice that is taught with so slender a stock in trade. Young men and women who know nothing of musical history except its outlines, and are even less familiar with the departments of human thought and action to which musical history and philosophy are related, are attempting to teach one of the most complex and abstruse subjects in the whole range of knowledge. And because there is no better material to be had, these novices are given positions in high-grade schools and colleges. They work chiefly by means of brief text-books, and the text-books which have the largest sale in this country are only dry compilations which give no intimation that history is something more than mere chronological succession. The "appreciation" of music is usually made to appear as an acquaintance with forms and technicalities, the philosophic study of the mind as it creates and receives being so difficult that the most comfortable way of dealing with this fundamental question of taste and judgment is to ignore it altogether. In private musical circles the same holds true. Beginners do not know what or where

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the right material is, how it is to be used when found, how the facts are to be grouped, or upon what principles the relative values of facts and groups of facts are to be estimated. The true psychologic and historic background nowhere appears. Not only are works and biographic data isolated from one another, but the whole art is detached from the life of which it is the token. It is very much as if one should undertake to study or teach psychology and should stop with physiology. Or as if one should attempt to learn the history of a country by memorizing an elaborate table of contents. Those who are attracted by the history of music are bewildered by the vast accumulation of detail which confronts them at every turn. They do not know how to begin or how to proceed; their work is disappointing to themselves because they are not able to co-ordinate their facts and derive from them the generalizations by which they become really significant.

As the heads of colleges and schools know nothing, as a rule, of what the history and criticism of music involve, so musicians themselves in most cases do not see the whole length and breadth of what is contained in musical expression or in music as a means of culture. This is explained by the nature of their education. They have not been trained in the methods of historical research and critical interpretation. Their study has been chiefly along the line of musical technicalities, and they are not able to overpass the bounds of their

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specialties and traverse with clear vision those parallel regions of art, philosophy, and science where are found so many illuminating side-lights that help to solve the problem of music as a vehicle of expression. Even in the higher institutions of learning the teaching of musical appreciation often goes no farther than the analysis of musical structure. How can the real lesson of Palestrina, of Bach, of Beethoven, of Wagner be understood without a deep knowledge of the purposes of these men, and the conditions in which their works appeared? Those works are representative, and they represent something more than counterpoint, or theme development, or orchestration. What were the artistic, social, and ecclesiastical conditions that compelled the masses, motets, and hymns of Palestrina to take their peculiar form and character? What were the tendencies that culminated in the work of Bach, and what was his relation to German Protestantism? What were the ruling forces in the music of the nineteenth century, which are so plainly indicated in the compositions of Beethoven that he is taken as the leader and type of that epoch? What was the motive that inspired the revolutionary propaganda of Richard Wagner? On the basis of what æsthetic, social, and ethical theories did he establish the final position which the music-drama holds in the world of art? Such problems as these go somewhat deeper than the level that is reached by the teaching of music history that we commonly find around us to-day. Not long ago a series of absurd

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answers to questions in music history, emanating from one of our Western universities, appeared in a musical journal. They were supposed to exhibit the stupidity of those who set them down in their examination papers, but they showed nothing of the sort. What they did prove — the questions as well as the answers — was the incompetence of the instructor.

But let us be charitable. A large allowance for incompleteness of preparation on the part of teachers should be made, for defects of training must come to light when an eager and wide-spread curiosity and a peremptory demand for instruction spring up almost in a day. There must be long and thorough training for this department of education, as much as for any field of science or philosophy, and the colleges and universities must furnish it. This they have hardly yet even begun to do. There are but one or two institutions in this country where the history and criticism of music are in the care of men who have made long and special study of those subjects, and are enabled to give their whole time to them. Lectures on the history and criticism of music are now heard in many universities and colleges, but the lecturer as a rule must make this department simply a side issue. The only time he can use for preparation is that which he is able to snatch from the weary hours occupied in the teaching of harmony, or piano-playing, or whatever his specialty may be. The colleges call for experts in the history and inter-

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pretation of literature, and in a few instances (still a very few) in the history of painting, sculpture, and architecture, but they leave the interpretation of music to those who have crammed for it in their eleventh-hour leisure. The consequence is that scholarly work in this department is rare in the higher educational institutions of America. The contrast between this country and Europe in this respect is noticeable. Such eminent scholars as Sir Hubert Parry, Hermann Kretzschmar, Hugo Riemann, Jules Combarieu — to mention a few out of many — are regular or occasional lecturers in colleges and universities. Others equally famous are lecturers in the national conservatories of music. In this country, to be sure, we have critics who have produced an amount of literary work that is highly honorable to American taste and scholarship. But where are these men to be found? With few exceptions they are in newspaper offices. With their literary skill and their broad acquaintance in many fields of knowledge, added to their musical culture, they are admirably equipped for the work that is needed in our higher abodes of learning, but these institutions know them not.

Why should college experts in other departments be blamed if they look with scant respect upon the work done by their colleagues in musical exposition? Fortunately, men properly qualified as promoters of the higher musical culture are beginning to appear in our colleges. They will be far more numerous when their subject is relieved from the

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disability which obliges it to force its own way, and the trained competents are no longer compelled to break down barriers of prejudice before they are allowed freedom to assert the beliefs and the powers that are in them.

V

Given the opportunity which the colleges will soon be ready to afford, what preparation is required of the man who wishes to cultivate this promising field? A considerable knowledge of the details of musical science is presupposed. But he must not isolate his subject from other human concerns. In order to bring his mission into harmony with the ideal of university culture he must first make definite in his own mind and that of others the special basis of form and expression upon which music rests, and then reach out into those historic, social, and æsthetic relations where the final significance of musical culture is to be found. These relationships have already been indicated in the preceding discussion. It only remains to keep directly in view the lecturer confronting his class, and suggest the general nature of his spirit and his method.

The teacher of musical history and appreciation finds himself supplied with a large mass of facts from which conclusions are to be drawn. These facts consist of musical works, technical, historic, and biographic data. The lessons to be derived

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are of two kinds, viz., historic and critical generalizations and personal applications. The second class will in the end dominate the first; Pater's question, "What, precisely what, is this to me?" is the factor of chief moment. That is to say, the qualified instructor must be a critic, and the inculcation of right principles of criticism among his pupils must be uppermost in his design.

Now what is art criticism? Contradictory opinions prevail and provoke heated controversy. To the "subjective" critic, criticism, in the famous phrase of Anatole France, is the story of "the adventures of one's soul among masterpieces." The experience of one's soul in face of works of art is the matter of prime interest, not the work itself as an external, self-sufficient entity, except in so far as it is the agent by which the reaction is effected. The critic of this school may be supposed to say: If I study a work dispassionately with the purpose of discovering all its bearings and connections as an item in an evolutionary scheme or as a reflection of some passing phase of social progress, then my standard is scientific, not æsthetic. An æsthetic judgment is a formulation of one's own feeling, and my own feeling is the only guarantee of value which I can directly know. Hence it follows that there is no universal and unchanging standard of æsthetic merit, and authority in matters of taste is a tyrannical assumption which must be resisted in the name of intellectual freedom. I may be interested in another's opinion in regard to a certain

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work of art, and may learn something from his statement of his reasons; but his preference can have no claim upon my acceptance, and its best service is merely in some brilliancy of description which will fan my own emotion into a brighter flame.

The classic defense of the cause of the subjective critic in the controversy is that made by Anatole France. "The technical conditions in which romances and poems are elaborated," he says, "interest me in only a slight degree. All books in general, even the most admirable, appear to me infinitely less precious by that which they contain than by that which is put into them by him who reads them. The best, in my opinion, are those which give the most to think about, and things the most diverse. The great benefit of works of the masters is to inspire sage reflections, ideas grave and familiar, floating images like garlands incessantly broken and rewoven, long reveries, a curiosity vague and delicate, which attaches to everything without exhausting anything, the memory of that which was dear, forgetfulness of vile cares, the moved return upon oneself. The critic must be thoroughly penetrated with this idea, that every book has as many different copies as there are readers, and that a poem, like a landscape, transforms itself in all the eyes that see it, in all the souls that conceive it." He compares critics to those Alsacians of the Hohwald who have placed benches for wayfarers at points where the shade

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is most sweet, the view most extended, nature most alluring. "These good Alsacians," says M. France, "have taught me what kind of service those are able to confer who have lived in the country of the spirit and have for a long time wandered there. I resolved for my part to go and place rustic benches in the sacred groves and near the fountains of the Muses. This modest and pious employment demands no doctrine or system, and requires only a sweet astonishment before the beauty of things. Accommodated to my tastes and suited to my powers, the task of criticism is to set with love benches in beautiful places, and to say, following the example of Anytus of Tegea: 'Whoever thou mayest be, come and sit in the shadow of this beautiful laurel, in order to pay homage there to the immortal gods.' "

This ideal, so winningly expressed, has unquestionably an awakening effect when sought by a pure mind and transmitted with a power which is able to create a similar vision in one whom the critic desires to teach. The critic who has "no doctrine or system," but seeks only to record "grave reflections," to inspire "floating images" and "long reveries," to present not what the work contains but something that he puts into it, must himself, if he is to accomplish his aim, be a skilled literary artist, and must create something that is itself a work of art, a counterpart of that which he observes. In cases where this literary skill is of a high order it will often happen that the criti-

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cism will be of greater artistic merit than the thing criticised, and the main interest of the reader be turned from the object interpreted to the subject interpreting. Again, the object will be treated simply as a text which furnishes an occasion for the gathering of reflections from many sources. Walter Pater's celebrated rhapsody upon the "Mona Lisa" gives us no instruction that would help us to judge of the merit of the portrait, and might have been just as well inspired by any one of a hundred piquant female faces. There are many analogous instances in literature in which the beauty of the result seems almost to justify the method. Poems suggested by works of art must inevitably be of this character. Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is a notable example. Among the great prose writers, as for instance Ruskin, there are eloquent responses to the touch of beauty, where the writer seems endowed with an inspired insight, and, striking with magical phrases into the centre of the mystery, thrills the reader's soul into a mood which seems to him the deepest and purest consequence which he could hope to obtain. The critic's art is the transparent medium by which the heart of the reader and the heart of the artist mingle together.

Such revelations, however, are in the nature of the case rare, and we feel that, in spite of their charm and suggestiveness, they are not implicitly to be trusted. We often discover that two impressionist critics will be affected in totally dif-

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ferent ways by the same production, and also that the critic's rhapsody is often called forth by some single attribute in the object of his admiration, quite ignoring other qualities which if dwelt upon would occasion a different verdict. It is not the whole of his intellect which the critic brings to bear, but a part of it. He puts himself into the object, and it is in the last resort himself that he gives his reader. And so, when the reader escapes from the atmosphere of enchantment he often finds himself all at sea, and begins to make inquiry after trustworthy principles which will steady him amidst these contradictions. However highly he values these stimulating influences, he will readily see that when he examines a work of art with the help of such criticism he must, as a preliminary, study the critic, in order that he may know how much allowance to make for the personal equation.

VI

The critic of the "objective" or impersonal order proceeds more coolly. He tries, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, to put himself out of the way and let humanity decide. To him a work of art is not something that may be admirable at one time, uninteresting at another, according to the mood through which it is observed. There are, he would say, fixed degrees of merit among art works which can be determined in accordance with principles that are derived from experience; these principles

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do not fluctuate with every change of individual taste or the caprices of fashion; they are finally established because they are in conformity with traits that are embedded in the very constitution of the human mind. This is what is meant by the "laws of art" — they arise not from the arbitrary preferences of those who assume authority to determine that such and such methods and forms shall constitute the treatment and themes of art, but because the consensus of those whose experience covers a broad field of space and time, and who are best qualified to judge of the relation of art to physical and spiritual life, declares that certain manifestations of the art impulse answer to a constant human need. To discover these needs and relations, and to interpret works of art, not in terms of momentary excitement, but in terms of permanent gratification, is the task of the objective critic. The critic of the former order calls upon his intuition; the critic of the latter order applies his understanding. His method is the comparative, which goes beyond the particular work and its immediate impression in search of relationships which will afford a measure of the true value of the work by determining the complete compass of its functions and influence.

The critic who is thus actuated believes that works of art possess a value in themselves which is inherent, absolute, not varying in correspondence with the fluctuation of emotion or fancy. He wishes to ascertain in what this merit consists,

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and seeks for standards that may guide his judgment in the right way. He believes that such standards exist, because in art as in morals a thing is not good to-day and bad to-morrow, true in one age or country, false in another. He distrusts the personal estimate when unsupported, because he knows that it is fickle and arbitrary, dependent upon temperament and moods which have no ultimate validity, certainly no authority over the opinions of others. If one's use of art is merely for one's own indulgence, then the exclusive personal consideration may serve, but not if one assumes to instruct others. The teacher must not say to his pupils, "The only thing I can give you for your help is my own private preference"; neither must he say, "There are no rules of taste: take what you like; your own feeling is your only concern, and your inclinations are as good as those of any other." Art appreciation can be taught, and teaching implies comparison and standards. It is certain that all works are not equally good, and their merit is not determined by a correspondence that may exist between them and the popular judgment of their time. If this were not so there would be no reason in asserting that the operas of Wagner are superior to those of Rossini. The Gothic architecture and the works of Shakespeare and Rembrandt were barbarous to the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but few would now have the hardihood to assert that a change of taste in the years to come would deprive them of their great-

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ness. The choral works of Sebastian Bach were silent and forgotten for eighty years, but their beauty was as undiminished as that of the "Hermes" of Praxiteles during its burial of eleven centuries. Are there no criteria by which the beginner in art appreciation may be made to understand the superiority of Praxiteles and Bach and Shakespeare and Rembrandt? When Ruskin writes ecstatically of Turner we are undoubtedly made to see what we should not otherwise have seen, and our pleasure in the pictures is enhanced by the contagion of the critic's enthusiasm; but are there no positive grounds by which it can be decided once for all whether Turner's pre-eminence is real or an illusion cherished in the brain of his eloquent apostle? Moreover, the masters are not always at their best; how can we sift their productions so that we may discriminate and not waste our time over that which is inferior? There are grades in the hierarchy of art, many worthless efforts are thrown in our way, charlatans and pretenders clamor for public notice, and in the interest of our pride, and perhaps of our purse, we fear to be deceived and put to eventual shame. Where is the infallible precept to be found which we may take into our understanding and rest upon as a safeguard against error?

No final answer can be given, but the impersonal critic is convinced that, although his results may not be infallible, yet there are truths in art toward which he may approach, and that there are methods

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of inquiry that are more to be trusted than his own whims or even his instincts. He discovers that there is an intellectual element in art as well as an emotional one, that at the basis of all art production there is science. Every department of art has its special technique; technical perfection or imperfection is an important factor in the estimate of its value, and good or bad craftsmanship is a feature that can be definitely recognized, taught, and explained. Works of art in a multitude of instances have a decorative or utilitarian purpose, and there are fixed principles by which they can be judged as adequate or inadequate to their motive. The important question of originality and individuality can be easily determined by comparison. The artist's motive may often be discovered, and the degree of clearness and force by which he realizes his aim. The error of judging one class of work by standards applicable to another class may easily be avoided, for there is no essential disagreement among scholars in regard to these distinctions. There is one method of treatment for mural painting, another for easel painting; one style for piano music, another for the string quartet; one method of handling the material in the drama, another in the epic. The artist considers not merely his impulse, but also his medium, and the state of mind to which he must appeal. To the critic this impulse, this medium, this appeal must all find a harmony in the expression of the work. These and many other considerations that

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enter into æsthetic judgment are not capricious, but constitute established principles, which, although not final in the evaluation of the work, can never be left wholly out of the account, and they insure the candid inquirer against radical errors. In a word, the critic who brings scholarship to his aid first studies the work dispassionately in all its bearings of form, structure, application, and intent, and teaches his followers to see it as it appears to the normal sense, so far as the normal sense can be trained to analyze, without danger that the impression will be distorted by an intervening haze of temperament.

This method, however, cannot reach finality. The personal equation can never be left out of the account. Back of those impressions which all who have trained senses will receive essentially in the same way, there is the expression, the emotion, the vision, which can only be intuitively discerned. Feeling can only be interpreted by feeling. As a man is so he feels, and no critic, however learned or sympathetic, can force all his hearers into the same emotional path. The common resource in directing art appreciation is to take artists who have been accepted as supreme by the agreement of the best minds acting through considerable periods of time, and attempt to mould the judgment in accordance with the spirit and style of their works. But even this course, which seems so safe, involves insuperable difficulties, for even if the station of these artists may have been

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fixed forever in the hearts of men (although even this cannot be proved), to demand that other works should be prized only as they conform to these models would be an exercise of tyranny, which has indeed been often practised with mischief as the result. To insist that new works shall repeat the qualities of the old puts a bar before progress. This spirit condemned the Gothic in the name of the antique, the romantic in the name of the classic, the realistic in the name of the romantic, the impressionist in the name of all the others. To imbibe the spirit of the great ones of the past is, indeed, a powerful aid to culture, but when our instructor takes any work or group as model we properly ask his reasons for his choice. Says Matthew Arnold: "There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them." Very good, but we at once inquire: How shall we know these passages of supreme excellence when we see them? There

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must be back of them a standard which explains their selection — where shall we find it? Arnold undertakes to help us by offering quotations from Homer, Dante, and others, but why did he choose these particular passages? What is there in

> "Absent thee from felicity awhile,"

or

> "And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome,"

that bears the unmistakable mark of supreme genius? Would not a critic of a different mentality from that of Arnold offer a very different list for our adoption as touchstones? Arnold is plainly falling back upon the "personal estimate" which a few pages earlier he condemned as "fallacious." It follows that while the subjective critic may renounce objective criticism and simplify his reaction to the utmost, the critic who seeks for law and authority cannot leave the personal preference out of the account. The true wisdom in his course lies in accepting every phase of art which seems to answer a reasonable want, bracing his estimate by the aid of every support he can summon from within and without, and thereby making his individual pleasure, which he cannot be expected to forego, to rest upon broad, catholic, and tolerant conclusions.

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VII

A third order of critics carries the analytic method of the second still farther, throwing the emphasis upon the attachments between works of art and the life to which they are related. This criticism treats art works first and foremost as human documents, and is chiefly interested in them as affording instruction upon the conditions — psychologic, social, racial — which they reflect. The critic of the first class interprets in terms of his own instinctive reactions of pleasure or distaste, the second judges according to principles which he deduces from the experience of the intellectual world, the third explains by the results of his study of causes and effects. The latter has been called a scientific critic, and his interest is akin to that of an archæologist or an economist.

The acknowledged leader of this scientific school is Taine. In his "Lectures on Art" he explains that "the principal point of [the true method in art history] consists in recognizing that a work of art is not isolated, and consequently that it is necessary to study the conditions out of which it proceeds and by which it is explained." The first step is to understand that "a work of art belongs to a certain whole, that is to say, to the entire work of the artist producing it." In the second place, "the artist himself, considered in connection with his productions, is not isolated; he also belongs to a whole, one greater than himself, comprising the

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school or family of artists of the time and country to which he belongs." Finally, "this family of artists is itself comprehended in another whole more vast, which is the world surrounding it, and whose taste is similar. The social and intellectual condition is the same for the public as for the artists; they are not isolated men; it is their voice alone that we hear at this moment, through the space of centuries, but beneath this living voice which comes vibrating to us, we distinguish a murmur, and as it were a vast, low sound, the great, infinite, and varied voice of the people, chanting in unison with them." "We have therefore to lay down this rule," says Taine in summing up, "that, in order to comprehend a work of art, an artist, or a group of artists, we must clearly comprehend the general social and intellectual condition of the times to which they belong." In reiterating his conviction on this point Taine positively annuls the position taken by the subjective critic. "A critic is aware," he affirms, "that his personal taste has no value, that he must set aside his temperament, inclinations, party, and interests; that, above all, his talent lies in sympathy; that his first essay in history should consist in putting himself in the place of the men whom he is desirous of judging, to enter into their instincts and habits, to espouse their sentiments, to rethink their thoughts, to reproduce within himself their inward condition, to represent to himself minutely and substantially their surroundings, to follow in imag-

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ination the circumstances and impressions which, added to their innate tendency, have determined their actions and guided their lives. Such a course, in placing us at an artistic point of view, permits us better to comprehend them; and, as it is composed of analysis, it is, like every scientific operation, capable of verification and perfectibility."

This system of Taine has been justly criticised as reducing art to the domain of natural history; as giving no reason for the feeling of love to particular works that arises from the sense of spiritual companionship between the receiver of the work and its creator; as recognizing no ground of preference for one art work as compared with another (as a zoologist does not declare one shell-fish better than another, but merely seeks to know the facts about them); and, most of all, as ignoring the obvious truths that works of genius are something more than the mere natural products of external conditions, that the great artist is in advance of his time and himself alters his environment, contributes to the shaping of the conditions which in turn react upon his subsequent activity. Taine, by marshalling an imposing array of facts concerning the *milieu* in which the arts have developed, has emphasized the necessary lesson that a vital relation exists between artistic creations and their epoch, but omits from the calculation the free, spiritual self-determination which is not only the condition of art progress, but also, in the last resort, the ultimate ground of the delight which art brings to us.

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VIII

If neither of these critical methods gives us the whole truth of art appreciation, overasserting on the one hand the emotional factor, on the other the cold intellectual, where, then, is the right procedure to be found? The answer is, In all of them combined. The final value of art to all of us is the personal value — the amount of life that it contains, heightening, enlarging, strengthening our own spiritual life. The joy and lasting worth to us comes in a glad surrender to that essential, unanalyzable element which enters our souls without impediment, free for the moment from those reminders of cause and relation which would turn our thought to its historic and scientific associations and away from the living spirit. Nevertheless — and here comes the reason for our study of the history and morphology of art — our minds must undergo some preliminary preparation for that receptiveness which seems at the moment spontaneous and unconditioned. Art works, no matter how ideal they may be, are not isolated or miraculous; the artist is not snatched away out of space and time, reporting of a world apart from that in which his fellow men perform their daily tasks. Everything that he achieves testifies to a life which is the product of a multitude of ordinary activities, and the recognition of these in their influence upon the artist and his work is a necessary part of the mental equipment of one who would not only en-

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joy the work as a thing of beauty, but also find his knowledge of the world and men increased by means of it. There are standards of comparative value in art; there are historic, social, psychological, even physiological influences acting upon him who creates and him who sees or hears, and out of a clear understanding of the complex nexus of causes and results comes that attitude of mind which brings the emotional response (which, no doubt, is the highest term) under prudent self-control, because supported by a perception of those general truths which unite our own experience to the experience of our fellows who are beauty-seekers and truth-seekers like ourselves.

The privilege of the critic lies not only in the development of his own intellectual and emotional faculties, but also in the assistance he gives to others by presenting the rational ground of his appreciations. The three orders of criticism above described, each alone deficient, should merge in one. "When I speak of criticism," said William Sharp, "I have in mind the marriage of science that knows and of spirit that discerns." The question for the critic is not only what the work contains, but how it came to be. A work of art is both an organism and an integral part of a larger organism. The emotional response will be affected by knowledge of its genesis and function. Works testify to the artist and also to his environment. We are bathed in the currents of life which flow through them. While they heighten our individual self-conscious-

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ness, they also take us out of ourselves and make us citizens of a larger commonwealth. The process that distinguishes in works of art all the factors that reveal the movements of inner and outer life, and increase the sympathetic as well as the affective powers, is what we call interpretation, and in interpretation, fully understood, is found the proper office and the higher satisfaction of criticism.

IX

These conclusions belong to musical criticism as well as to criticism of literature and plastic art. Their application is especially difficult in the art of tone, but the principles of interpretative criticism, as already expounded, must be made to include the history and appreciation of music, for music cannot be understood by one who shuts himself up within the boundaries of musical forms, and lets the visible and active world go its way unheeded. "It is perfectly futile," exclaims Mr. Ernest Newman, "to go on discussing the æsthetics of music *in abstracto*, without reference to the historical conditions under which the art has lived, and under which it has been moulded from century to century."

The teacher of the history and appreciation of music must, therefore, be a critic, with the knowledge, breadth of view, and sense of proportion which the office of an interpreter requires. He must be at home not only with music but also with a great deal besides music. He will find that sci-

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ence, art, literature, and history are constantly furnishing water for his mill. He must not isolate music as a whole, and he must not isolate any department of music. There are many who pretend to teach the appreciation of music who confine their attention to matters of musical structure and technique — the merely formal side of the subject. It is as if one were to teach archæology in the name of art, or grammar to those who looked for literature. It is easily conceivable that a man like Charles Lamb, who confessed that he had no ear, might be greatly interested in the history of notation, or even the machinery of counterpoint. There are histories of music which seem to discover everything of interest in the art except that it is beautiful and speaks to the heart. On the other hand, one who disregards the scientific foundation and the appeal to the reflective understanding is as reprehensible as the narrow technician. The instructor may strive to arouse the emotional nature of his pupils and assure them that the sufficient warrant of music is in its beauty and the joy it gives; he may properly indicate his own preferences because they are drawn from a large experience; but he must show that emotions and preferences are to be based on reason and subject to revision. He should so lead his disciples that their delight in single works will spring from minds clarified by previous experiences, each acting as part condition of the following mental state, emotion ever looking back to knowledge for its confirma-

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tion. But if he attempts to impose his own private temperamental judgments upon his class as a law for their own decisions, their obvious retort will be annihilating to his pretensions. His true procedure will be to throw them back upon themselves, employ the method of suggestion, bring to them the means that will avail for the formation of wise conclusions. Then, in the last resort he can leave them free, confident that, though they may wander and go astray, they will not wholly lose their bearings, but will work out at last their own æsthetic salvation. For salvation, in matters of art appreciation, consists not in forming fixed and final convictions, but in readiness to forsake old standing-ground when change means progress toward new light and fuller truth.

X

Reverting again to questions of method — the scholarly expounder of the history of music finds the guiding thread amid the labyrinth in the principle of evolution. A comprehensive estimate of works and phases of art is gained when they are studied, not as detached, self-dependent items, but as the result of processes. Too many students and teachers, even authors of books and "outlines," are well satisfied with raking together miscellaneous facts, with great apparent admiration for facts as such, quite unaware, it would seem, that these interesting counters are of no value except as they

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are related to one another as components of an organic whole. The method of evolution, which has been defined as "continuous progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of resident forces," has found no more brilliant illustration than in the history of modern music. This process, indeed, has not been continuous and unbroken from the beginning until now. Not until the Christian era did music become conscious of powers unknown in its primitive and antique condition, and even in the early centuries of the Christian period the tendency for a time was rather toward simplification. From the invention of part writing in the neighborhood of the year 1000, the development of counterpoint was regular and systematic up to its culmination in the sixteenth century. At that point music seemed to hesitate, to grope for a new standing-ground, and then, seizing the opportunity afforded by an old principle, now for the first time recognized in all its possibilities, advanced along a number of channels, each current drawing stimulus and direction from the others. From that moment there has been in vocal and instrumental music a constant unfolding of forms and styles out of previous forms and styles, incessant selection, adaptation, and specialization, with also, as in the vegetable and animal world, abortive growths, arrested movements, and exhausted energies. Every musical composer, every composition, and every school has a definite place in this intricate but logical system. So persistent has

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been this evolution that every student of musical history must make the recognition of this process his point of departure; for it shows him that no single event or tendency is to be studied in isolation, but always as a part vitally connected with a great living whole, and only to be understood in its relation to the whole.

The evident cause of this remarkable development process, so far as music may be said to be conscious of its motive, is found in the desire for beauty and for expression of feeling. The primitive musical impulse is not æsthetic but utilitarian. Music is here a means, not an end, striving for some ulterior good, not for pure delight. Magical incantation, employed throughout the world from the most remote epochs, finds its most potent agents in tones, rhythms, and the allied art of dancing. Hardly less universal are songs of labor; and the efficiency of bodily movements in developing the sense of rhythm, and the power of rhythmic tone to heighten the physical energies and regulate collective action, are attested by a multitude of observations. In none of these uses, which go far to explain the very origin of music, are tone and rhythm conceived as the material of an independent art with distinct laws of its own. Music in this stage is bound as a slave to poetry, to the dance, to labor, to magical incantation and religious rite. Emancipated in the Middle Ages, it incurred a new bondage, and became the puzzle of ingenious theorists; it remained for centuries the

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exercise-ground of learned contrivance, a gratification to the eye and the understanding rather than to the ear and the emotion.

Gradually the formalism of the period of the Renaissance yielded to a craving for expression, and the intricate devices of the schools relaxed into a grace of melody and a harmonious sweetness to which the heart and the imagination could gladly respond. It remained to join music to the sentiments which spring from contact of the soul with the various experiences of social and domestic life. There ensued a revolt against the ecclesiastical style on account of its austerity and limited range of expression, and a demand for a means of rendering a more varied order of moods and conceptions resulted in the development of the recitative and aria. The application of these new modes of song to dramatic dialogue produced the opera. Instrumental music also began to take shape as an independent art, at first imitating the older forms of chorus music, next running off into florid devices of embellishment, adopting also the rhythms, turns of melody, and simple sectional arrangement derived from the dances of the common people. The modern key system arose through a natural transformation of the mediæval Gregorian modes, stimulated by the need of unhampered freedom in modulation and of a reciprocal balancing of tonal supports. The Italian opera and instrumental music developed side by side, the opera emphasizing melody, the other busying itself with

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contrivances of rhythm, harmony, and form. The French opera arose in the seventeenth century through the grafting of the new Italian style of music upon the court ballet. In Italy, France, and Germany, and to some extent in England, comic opera sprang up exuberantly from the union of native melody with national burlesque comedy. Dramatic music, early in the seventeenth century, began to divide into two great currents — the opera and the oratorio, the latter expanded to giant proportions by Handel. J. S. Bach, drawing his technique from the German chorale and organ music and French instrumental chamber music, worked the recitative and aria also into his scheme, and pouring into the whole mass the fervor of his intense spiritual nature, built up those stupendous passions and cantatas in which are fulfilled all the tendencies which had been moving in German music for a century.

Instrumental music in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries shows us still more clearly the operation of evolutionary laws. At the beginning of the instrumental movement in Italy and France the styles of writing for organ, stringed instruments, and keyed chamber instruments were very much the same. As the special capabilities of each class of instruments came to be better understood, the manner of writing for them became more individual. The polyphonic and the homophonic styles began to be differentiated, and also to react upon each other. The contrapuntal style clung

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to the organ, while the violin and the precursors of the piano worked out the sectional forms of the suite and sonata. The organ style was amplified by the German church musicians, of whom the last in the line of progress and the greatest was J. S. Bach. The stream of orchestral and chamber music, rising in Italy and France, was deflected into Germany and Austria, and the symphonies, quartets, and sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were the outcome of the impulse which gave its first signal in the little dance-pieces of the violinists of the seventeenth century.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century the sprightly little operetta of Austria and Germany — itself an offshoot from earlier dramatic practice — began swiftly to expand into the splendid form known as the romantic opera, which was first given a standing in high musical society by Weber and Spohr, and was borne to world conquest in the hands of Richard Wagner. At the same time the German lied, sweet and shy as a village maiden, was drawn from seclusion, like another Cinderella, and raised to princely rank by Schubert, Schumann, and Franz.

In the nineteenth century the differentiating of abstract forms has apparently come to an end, but the ferment, instead of subsiding, only rages more violently within the confines of the forms themselves. The homophonic method, erected upon independent foundations by the eighteenth-century symphonists and sonata-writers, has been

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subjected to a process analogous to that through which the mediæval polyphony passed, so that to the transparent simplicity of Scarlatti, C. P. E. Bach, and Haydn have succeeded the massiveness, concentration, complexity, inward energy, and affluent detail of the orchestral works of the later German and Russian schools. Melody in the upper part with plain accompaniment having done all that it could in respect to variety and interest, Beethoven, in his last quartets, announced the programme of further progress by leading the melody into the heart of the structure, giving life and free movement to the inner and lower parts — not a reaction to the old counterpoint, but applying contrapuntal treatment to the solution of new problems of expression and design. In continuation of this tendency the fragments of old forms became readjusted through the assertion of a new principle by which form — as in Wagner's dramas and Liszt's symphonic poems — became moulded under the exigencies of a poetic motive, instead of remaining subject to the architectonic principles of the classic masters. The modern emphasis upon expression as paramount to sensuous beauty and symmetry of form could have no other result. The present-day composer, like the poet and painter, demands the free exercise of his individuality, and shapes his work, not in accordance with traditional standards, but as his personal genius finds the easiest outlet for its own original and absolutely sincere unfolding. The effort to make

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instrumental music more intense and individual, raising melody, harmony, rhythm, and orchestral color to the highest pitch of force and splendor, has consistently driven instrumental music into the attempt to portray definite concrete conceptions, symbolizing outward scenes and movements and the moods and passions of the soul — as in the programme symphonies, overtures, and symphonic poems of Berlioz, Liszt, Strauss, and their disciples. The older Italian and French forms of opera, which at one time seemed to have become exhausted, sprang into new life under the inspiration of Gluck and Rossini, and, aided by an extraordinary constellation of singers, intoxicated the world by the vehemence of their passion and the brilliance of their melody. The art of orchestration, aided by radical improvements in the mechanism of wind instruments, ever propounding new problems in variety, fulness, and delicate shading of tone, has been extended and refined by the later masters until the most greedy ear is well-nigh surfeited with sheer voluptuousness of sound. In short, the union and refinement of all the factors which the centuries have brought forth to enchant the ear and kindle the imagination has now lifted musical art to such a height of glory that it would almost seem as though the assimilation of the results attained would be gratification enough for a century to come, even if the onward march of musical invention were to be completely stayed.

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XI

The rational principle of connection which the student seeks for in the midst of the vast accumulation of details is to be found, it seems, in the supreme fact of growth, which links successive events together, not by a mechanical, but by a vital bond. As every human being has a history, each experience within and without modifying his character, so that what he is at one moment is conditioned by what he was a moment before; so music, in its unnumbered phenomena extending down the ages, has a history, as consistent, as progressive as that of any organism whose changes testify to a constant push of a life-force within. In order to understand any musical form or any group bounded by a nationality, institution, or period, the scrutiny must be directed to its antecedents and environment.

Now, to go further: if we search below the surface we shall find that this advancing movement has been made possible by the inpour at stated times of new streams of energy. Whenever any musical movement has shown signs of exhaustion, a current of life from outside has either entered the veins of the whole body of the art, giving it a new force or direction, or else the infusion has stimulated some modification of a single element in the parent form, thus giving rise to a new offshoot to be expanded and specialized in its turn. These revitalizing influences have most frequently

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come from the fresh fields of popular poesy, the song and dance music of the common people. In the naïve, unperverted life-consciousness of the uncultured masses lie the pure springs from which art again and again draws the elixir that sustains or restores. Even the complex contrapuntal choruses of the mediæval church — as far removed from natural expression as an art can well be — borrowed their themes as much from popular tunes as they did from the chant-books; and indeed the liturgic chant itself was doubtless, at least in part, a modification of the domestic music of antiquity. The German Protestant Church music, which rose to such magnificent proportions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, drew its spirit, and some of the most indispensable constituents of its form, from the people's hymn-tune. The new pattern of melody which made the earlier opera and oratorio what they were was the transfer into conscious art of the spontaneous tunefulness which had long been the most cherished possession of the multitude. And when, at certain periods, the Italian form of aria became stereotyped and its expression conventional, the folk-song, handmaid of the popular comedy, brought a draught of bracing outdoor air into the operatic hot-house, and not only imparted higher truth to the French and Italian grand opera, but also became the inspiration of distinct additions to the world's art in the French *opéra comique* and the German romantic opera. The whole art of instrumental music,

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although drawing into itself the learning of the schools, leads back to the popular dance; the final destiny of the sonata and symphony was assured when certain organists and violinists, early in the seventeenth century, conceived the thought of imitating the crisp rhythms, evenly balanced phrases, and simple sectional forms of the country dances, and elaborating their patterns into larger artistic designs. Haydn, the foster-father of the symphony, quartet, and sonata, and Beethoven, who gave them their sovereignty in modern art, were giants who, Antæus-like, drew their chief strength from the earth. Haydn imparted to his works the abounding vitality, the racy joyousness, of Austrian and Hungarian folk-music, and Beethoven constantly refreshed his genius from the flood of life which he felt coursing in nature and the humanity around him. So Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms gave the German lied, the child of the peasantry, its universal expressive power. The art ballad of Loewe and his compeers is the folk-ballad of Germany, England, and Scotland, enriched by the addition of the descriptive power of instrumental art. The most characteristic of the piano works of Schumann, one of the regenerators of nineteenth-century music, are in the last analysis the folk song and dance, expanded by constructive skill and transfigured by emotion. Even Mendelssohn, an afterglow of the classic school, was most original when spellbound by the charms of landscape and folk-lore. The whole romantic

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movement in music, culminating in Wagner, drew its spirit and color from romantic poetry, and that in turn from beliefs and experiences which constituted the folk-poesy and folk-religion. And, as a final demonstration that the nourishment of music is in the popular soil, toward the middle of the nineteenth century came the momentous musical invasion from Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia, and Scandinavia, which in every instance had its source in the national musical consciousness, — a movement which has given a new impetus and quality to European tonal art, and which affords one more impressive illustration of the truth that in the heart of the simple, ingenuous people lie inexhaustible resources of feeling from which art may be ever renewed.

XII

The expounder of musical history finds, as we have seen, a working method for the drawing of his ground-plan in the principle of evolution, that is to say, of growth. Every act is attached to an act in the past; musical forms progress from the simple to the complex, the parent stems throwing out branches, which in turn become organized and matured; and along with this technical, we might say physiological, development, expression tends out of the abstract, vague, general, and formal into the particular, definite, individual, and character-

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istic. He also finds that this twofold advance is quickened by the stir of life that springs up spontaneously in the popular heart, which, as soon as it becomes sufficiently self-conscious, overflows into the more artificial art channels, giving direction and force to the intellectual currents, which without such infusion would in time lose their energy and become stagnant.

We also find, as our survey enlarges, that the historic movements in musical art are to a great extent associated with contemporary changes in the larger world of thought and action. As in the departments of literature and painting, so there has always been a magnetic connection between music and certain dominant social tendencies. These correspondences must not be pushed so far that for the sake of a doctrine we conjecture a relationship that does not actually exist; intellectual changes, effecting certain results in religion, politics, literature, or representative art, may produce no analogous consequence in music, or else the analogous phenomenon in music will appear at a later period. Secularization in music, although an outgrowth of the Renaissance, appeared long after the Renaissance had established its mission in other spheres. It would be difficult to explain the work of Sebastian Bach in the light of contemporary tendencies in religion or art; his counterparts must be looked for in an earlier time. Nevertheless, the vital relationship between music and the whole life of man cannot be disputed. The form and expres-

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sion which music has taken in particular nations and times cannot be explained by the mechanical processes of technical evolution alone.

Music can never be understood if it is divorced from life. The significance of musical works is not exhausted when their immediate æsthetic impression has passed. Every composition is a human document; in it we see more or less clearly defined the likeness of its creator. It is an event in the artist's emotional life; it leads us back to that most worthy of all objects of study, a living man. But this living man is not isolated or self-determined; he is made what he is only slightly, if at all, by his own resolution, but vastly more by innate and inherited dispositions, by physical, social, and moral influences, by modes of thinking, feeling, and acting which prevail in the epoch in which he lives, and which he shares with the members of the community or race to which he belongs. The spiritual elements which combine to form what we call his "genius" cannot be precipitated by any formal analysis of his work. Just as soon as the investigator compares different styles and phases of musical development with other manifestations of contemporary activity, when he examines all the conditions amid which large related groups of musical compositions, and also single works of the highest order, appear, he will often discover that the musical forms respond in the most sensitive fashion to the hidden impulses that reveal themselves in the literature, art, philosophy,

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religion, and even sometimes in the political events of the time to which they belong.

From this point of view music rises to the dignity of a world oracle, and he who would expound its message must have so broad a range of vision, a mind so cultured and sharpened, that he is able to gauge all the influences in art, science, belief, individual and social dispositions, which have from age to age laid hold of the art of music, and have fitted it to become, like its sister arts, a means for the expression as well as the adornment of life. These reactions of music upon life and of life upon music easily evade clear demonstration; by reason of the very mystery of music's origin and the indefiniteness of its expression, it can give no such detailed and positive testimony as poetry and the graphic arts are able to furnish; it reflects, rather, those general diffused states of consciousness which are more easily divined than described, but which are the underlying conditions of those particular phenomena with which words and pictorial representations deal. Difficult as it is to trace the relationships between music and life, they cannot be disguised, and the fuller one's knowledge of history — the deeper one's insight into what really constitutes the problem of history — the more apparent becomes the truth that music has its roots in that common soil from which all human emotions spring. In this lies the higher worth and the perennial fascination of the study of the history of music.

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To illustrate this principle conclusively would be to write the history of music. To cite only a few of the most striking correspondences: there is the fact of religious music, the adaptation of musical forms and styles to the forms and ideals of worship in the different branches of the Christian church; the inseparable union of music, poetry, and dancing among primitive and ancient peoples — the utilitarian conception of music as an indispensable aid in labor, magical incantation, and all manner of social activities; the reciprocal action between music and lyric and dramatic poetry from the earliest ages until now (René Doumic, for example, has shown how the drama of the classic age in France was affected by the opera). One might show how the spirit of the Italian Renaissance seized upon music in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the frank delight in the indulgence of sense, the revival of pagan myths as subject-matter of art, the passion to embrace life under every guise, especially to separate the individual from the mass and bring his special proclivity into action — all of which had metamorphosed art, science, literature, and manners — deployed themselves once more in the field of the opera. One might show how fundamental national and racial qualities may be traced in national music, from the simple folk-song to the most elaborate achievements of finished art. The revolution in artistic ideals which signalized the opening of the nineteenth century — the romantic movement,

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the demand for a more subjective expression, the striving to penetrate to the very roots of emotion, the substitution of direct personal revelation for academic routine — in a word, the notion of making personal disclosure the first endeavor and the conveyance of delight the second, in exact reversal of the dominant eighteenth-century motive, in which the conveyance of delight was paramount, — all this is plainly reflected in the music of the later epoch. Indeed, modern music flows into the world's life as the river flows into the sea; the river adds its current to the larger mass, and its own waters are in turn tinctured with the ocean brine and raised and lowered by the ocean tide.

Art history stirs the mind to a wider range of sympathy, and hence to a larger capacity for pleasure. Art history shows the artist and his work in their native atmosphere. Great historic crises create a turmoil in the spirits of men from which issue new habits and states of mind, effecting extraordinary spiritual changes throughout a continent or an epoch, and out of these fermentations art leaps in new shapes and attributes, while at the same time it reveals more clearly to men the nature of the upheavals they have endured. By the instruction of history the art-lover takes account of the influences of race and social conditions, of public taste and fashion, of patronage — now of the church, now of the aristocracy, now of the public. He learns that one standard of interpretation cannot be applied equally to all forms

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and schools, and he acquires larger capacities of enjoyment by coming into sympathetic touch with modes of feeling different from but not less true than his own. The critic who takes all the factors of the problem into account will come to realize that a judgment that is sagacious is pliable and adaptive; he will measure art works by the laws involved in their own peculiar nature, and not by a pedantic canon or an arbitrary predilection. He will see how every sincere production met a need of its time, how it indicates the achievement of the art at a certain point in its career, how it contributed to the art's advancement, and also how it reflects some special phase of feeling that was rife among those for whom it was created. Just as we study the ethnic religions, not from the standpoint of either an antagonist or an apologist, but simply to learn to what extent they are the natural products of certain stages of culture, and how they in turn throw light upon their origin.

By deep investigation into the history of music in all its aspects, and by the masterly use of the means that induce a liberal estimate, the critic becomes that superior being, an interpreter. He does not thereby become any the less a critic. In his perception of historic or evolutionary values he will not become obtuse to æsthetic values. He will still retain convictions; just as the liberal student of the history of religion need not become indifferent to the claims of the independent spiritual life, nor surrender his belief that in his own religion

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there dwells the fullest manifestation of the divine. Rather will the true critic, by the richer knowledge of human nature which his historic inquiry brings to him, be trained to see more clearly what is of enduring value, in contrast to those shifting phenomena which accomplished a needful but temporary service and passed away.

XIII

It would be difficult to assign any limits to the range of thought and study to which the art of music invites one who would read its many secrets. The further one pursues the fascinating theme the more correspondences one finds in nature and the varied activities of the human mind. No acquaintance in science, history, literature, or art seems to come amiss. The larger one's experience grows, the more apparent it becomes that, in spite of the diversity of subject-matter, material, form, and method, there is among all the arts a common bond and a common office. Suggestive comparisons meet the musical critic on every side; pertinent illustrations crowd upon him; all the species of imaginative thought seem to belong to one family, so abundant are the resemblances and affinities. When the technical analysis of musical works gives way to the study of them as results of forces within and without, the tracing of processes extends to the recognition of relationships which connect the lives and productions of the composers

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with issues of the widest sweep and importance. Weber's operas not only have German romanticism for a background, but they have a significant part to play in the momentous struggle for independence waged by German national art against foreign dictation. The sharp heat-lightnings of French romanticism play through the works of Berlioz; he is of the house and lineage of Hugo, Gautier, Dumas, and Delacroix. Such men as Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner stand in such vital connection with the spirit of their age, their works are so obviously symbolic of certain emotional tendencies which have created new types in literature and laid bare new capacities of enjoyment and suffering in the human heart, that one instinctively feels, and their commentators inevitably imply, that one who would properly estimate these musicians must bring to the task an understanding enlarged by a broad familiarity with philosophy and art. The study of the early opera leads back to the Renaissance, its causes, nature, and effect. The music of the Catholic Church involves the Catholic liturgy and ceremonial, the special type of devotion fostered by the cloistral discipline, the ideal of art promoted by the motive and spirit of the Catholic Church, and the changes which that ideal has undergone from the mediæval to the modern period. The "programme school" of instrumental music suggests intricate questions concerning the nature and limit of music's expressive power. Dramatic music and the song lead into

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the study of poetry and the drama as psychologically and historically allied to music, and the manner in which these arts may be combined to a common action.

The ramifications of this magnificent subject have no assignable end. The explorer's enthusiasm will rise with every moment in his toilsome advance, for he will find that in this field of intelligence, as in every other, nothing is isolated and there are no finalities. New problems will confront him wherever he goes; his steps will be ever beguiled into fresh regions of enrichment and wonder.

XIV

Another factor remains to be considered, viz., the human factor as it is exemplified in the students whom the teacher must prepare to profit by the lessons which the history and science of music afford. There are two orders of relationships with which the instructor in the history and appreciation of music will concern himself. Musical works in their objective relationships — historic, social, structural, etc. — have been already considered; even more attractive subjects of inquiry are found in the nature of the action of musical works upon the mind of the recipient. In this second problem the work as a concrete, objective fact remains unchangeable — the plastic element is the receiver's feeling. A scientific experiment in the laboratory,

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or a mathematical demonstration, is the same to all; while a phenomenon that calls upon the sense of beauty and sets the feeling into vibration is not the same to any two individuals. According to the constitution of one's mind does one see or hear, and mental states are determined by experiences and inheritances that are never duplicated. The eye is aware of color and form, the ear of sound, but it is the spirit that divines the reality that lives within the visible or audible body. The teacher's finest task is to aid in the culture of this discerning spirit, and quicken in his pupils every sensibility that will enable them to attain the utmost refinement of discrimination in the use of the sense, the understanding, and the emotion.

First, there is the culture of the sense.

There can be no question that the training of the perceptive faculties, like the training of the emotions, is far too much neglected in our schools. The formation of habits of keen observation has an incalculable influence upon the general progress of the intelligence, while in the development of æsthetic appreciation the power of quick response to delicate impressions, and the recognition of subtle shades and combinations of shapes and hues and tones, is a prime condition of accurate estimate of artistic values. A beginning may well be made in the observation of the sights and sounds of nature, for in the infinite variety and glory of the outer world will the organs of sense find their most healthful exercise.

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Can the powers of the eye and ear be increased by practice? Certainly not as the strength of a muscle or the capacity of the lungs can be augmented by exercise. The amount of light that is received by the eye, and the number and amplitude of the vibrations of air that enter the orifice of the ear, are constant with any given individual — they cannot be enhanced by any known discipline. But while the natural sensitiveness of the organ cannot be changed, the mind can form habits of attention and comparison which will add immeasurably to its store of recognized beauties in forms, shades, and timbres. The first condition is the will to see and hear, the belief that nature furnishes endless rewards to those who diligently seek; the second is prolonged and minute observation.

Elizabeth Bisland, the biographer of Lafcadio Hearn, says of him: "Maimed in his vision, while still a lad, almost to the point of blindness, yet the general sense left upon the mind by his whole body of work is one of color. Not a shimmer or a glory escaped him. From his books might be gathered a delightful anthology of the beauty of tint, of form, of shadow, of line. No loveliness was too subtile, too evanescent, too minute, to be recognized by those dim and straining eyes." Thoreau, Emerson said, had the eye of a bird, and his "Journals" display an almost incredible acuteness of vision. These men were not exceptional except in their desire to see, and in the eagerness with which

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they strained their vision to catch the utmost revelation of beauty vouchsafed by the contact of light with reflecting surfaces.

From countless sources comes evidence of the amazing delicacy which vision may attain. In the mosaic factory of the Vatican, it is said, there are stones of twenty-eight thousand different hues. Note the iridescence that plays through the nature pictures upon thousands of pages of modern literature. Take a single example from the essay entitled "Rosa Mystica," by "Fiona Macleod." The writer is sitting in an old garden by the sea; the time is late autumn. "A white calm prevails. A sea of faint blue and beaten silver, still molten, still luminous as with yet unsubdued flame, lies motionless beneath an immeasurable dome of a blue as faint, drowned in a universal delicate haze of silver gray and pearl." Notice the rich vocabulary of color in modern English; the dozens of compounds that define recognizable shades of primary hues; the opulent store of remote, exotic appellations, such as mauve, damask, amber, saffron, lapis lazuli, verd-antique, ultramarine — words which seem in themselves to throb with color, floating memory and imagination into regions where the world is all aglow with tropical splendors. The keen vision of the seeker after beauty finds the utmost loveliness of tint not in flowers, not in jewels, but in the tender flames of the stars — white, blue, yellow, red, orange. The ancient poets and artists, we are sometimes told, were incapable of

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seeing color as moderns see it — but this lack, if it existed, was not incapacity; the structure and function of the eye were the same in the elder days as now; the ancient observer was not so interested in these fine shades of difference; the modern sensibility is not so much a matter of aptitude as of temperament, for it is the more intimate relation to nature brought about by scientific discovery, more nervous haste after novel experience, new modes of thought, that have enabled the sensitive subject of the present day to find delight in phenomena to which his far-away ancestor was comparatively indifferent.

Beyond all reckoning is the increase in the zest of life which is acquired by him who trains his sight to perceive the finest degrees of contrast in the intensity, quality, and relations of abstract form and color. Nature and art, in this pursuit, reinforce and guide each other. The lover of the painter's art must strive to develop a painter's eye. It is held as worthy of remark that it was reserved for landscape-painters of the present day to discover that there is strictly no such thing as local color, but that objects change their color according to the direction and amount of light. Shadows are not black; shadows cast by bright sunlight upon snow have always been blue, but the artist who so represents them is called by the rabble "unnatural." Ruskin asserts that in one of Turner's landscapes there is not a space as large as a grain of wheat that does not contain gradations in color.

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Supposing this to be true, it shows as keen a color sense in the critic as in the painter.

The thinker who pursues a course of education in color also learns that a refined taste consists not in a love for vivid sensations and strong contrasts, but rather for mellowness, harmony, and delicacy of gradation. The great colorists are not those who spread flamboyant hues upon their canvases. The Oriental rug which tempts the true connoisseur is subdued and reposeful in its rich blending of low tones. "The crimsons and golds of sunset," says Professor John C. Van Dyke, "flame and glow with brilliant splendor, but turn about and see if the pearly grays of the eastern sky have not their color charm as well." "In the dull clouds hanging over the Jersey marshes in November, in the volumes of silvery smoke thrown up from factory chimneys and locomotives, in the reflected grays of the pools and the creeks, the faded yellows and browns of the rushes, there is a wealth of color beauty which only the trained eye can appreciate. Such a scene may have infinitely more refinement about it than the scarlet foliage and blue sky of an October noonday." The judicious lover of landscape will not climb the mountain when the sun sends a dazzling flood of light through a dry and cold blue atmosphere, but when the air is suffused with haze, or the sky is hung with broken clouds, for then nature brings forth her richest tapestries, and spreads them amid veils of opal and mother-of-pearl. But if no mountain is near

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he need not repine, for he may find a feast for his eye in a clump of yellow sedge overhanging a wayside pool whose amber is tinged with azure from above.

"Nature with cheap means still works her wonders rare."

XV

The analogy between the senses of sight and hearing in respect to their education is so close that the principles of one may often be applied to the other. Nature, indeed, is less lavish in her tribute to the ear than to the eye; nevertheless, the physically deaf suffer sad deprivations even out-of-doors, and the nature-lover will find great pleasure accruing to him if he has learned to catch the multitudinous reverberations and the coming and going of adjusted sounds, which at times are amply bestowed and but rarely vanish into utter silence. Thoreau, to whom the distant baying of a hound, the throb of a far-off bell, the monotone of the "telegraph harp," brought mystic intimations, and the trilling of insects and birds took the place of orchestras and operas, declared that "the contact of sound with a human ear whose hearing is pure and unimpaired is coincident with an ecstasy." The Japanese, most sensitive of modern races to the subtler impressions of sound and line and color, find an æsthetic delight in the notes of certain insects and frogs, which are domesticated for their

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dainty music, and are celebrated in the verses of poets. The Greeks, too, loved the cicada for its thin monotone, the most tender of the voices of nature.

Although the sounds of earth that give refined pleasure are few compared with the treasures she spreads before the eye, it is well to give earnest heed to them, for they are not only precious for their own sake, but they help to attune the ear to the niceties of art. Strange as it may seem that notes "jangled, out of tune and harsh," should give pleasure to any one of average intelligence, yet the abundance of evidence that they do so indicates that the training of the youthful ear to discrimination between the pure and the impure is not to be neglected. The enjoyment that multitudes of our fellow creatures find in the ghastly "white voice" and the discordant tremolo of the worst type of vaudeville singer, makes a musician wonder if, after all, the ears of the majority are not differently constructed in their anatomy from his own. The cheapest pattern of graphophone appears to give as much comfort to some as the violin of Ysaye does to others. The guide to musical appreciation need not deem his effort wasted when he preaches upon the need of preparing the auditory sense to catch the finer shades of tone values. The secret of education here consists, as in the training of the eye, in acute attention, observation, and comparison. Let the music lover not be content with imperfect intonation, let him learn to detect all the shades

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of timbre which instruments and voices afford, let him train himself to perceive the multitudinous varieties and contrasts which are due to the relative predominance of overtones — the differences of quality between the adjacent strings of a violin, between the violin and the viola, the oboe and the English horn, the registers of the bassoon or the clarinet; and while his ear is invaded by the surge and thunder of the full orchestra, let him try to analyze the thick and luscious current into its elements, and gain something of the expert conductor's acuteness in the exercise of that wonderful faculty which sifts and selects, and turns the dense mass of tone color into a huge spectrum of scintillating hues.

The advice to the student of music also accords with that given by Professor Van Dyke to the lover of painting — learn to take delight in subdued and delicately modulated tones and combinations. As the volume and garishness of our orchestras increase, so much the more virtue is there in acquiring a love for what is moderate and justly balanced. The test of refined hearing is not furnished by the orchestra, but by the string quartet. The pianist of the present day studies out and applies a subtlety of nuance and color by means of pedals and finger touch which even in the days of the mighty Liszt was undreamed of; — let not his skill and taste be wasted upon an ear too crude to notice the fugitive beauties that he offers to the sense. We must, however, acknowledge that there is a danger of

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attaching too much importance to the sensuous element. A Kreisler or a Sembrich could easily commend a worthless composition to the approval of many hearers by the mere exquisiteness of tone and the perfection of delivery; and although a true artist will not so descend, yet there is constant danger in musical performance that the greater merits of thought and feeling will be sacrificed to the lesser values of timbre and technique. On the other hand, the connoisseur who so disregards the sensuous element that he will approve bad tone and faulty delivery, if only the composition is a masterpiece, is likewise in grievous error; for music really exists only as it is performed, and when the physical ear is offended there is no true expression. This latter doctrine is hard for many amateurs, who justly emphasize intellectual values in art, to accept, but it is nevertheless one of the foundation principles of musical appreciation.

The careful attention to pure tone may have still another favorable result in the influence it exerts upon the singing or speaking voice of the hearer. That such an influence is more than fancy is a statement which would naturally arouse scepticism, but the fact depends upon a well-known law that mental conceptions have a moulding and directing power over the physical organism and its functions. Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers, in her interesting book, "My Voice and I," asserts that when a brain impression of a certain kind of sound is received, the will to reproduce it compels the vari-

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ous mechanisms to conform to it. "A significant illustration of the ruling power of sound-perception," she says, "is to be found in the fact that most young singers are able to effect a complete change in the quality of their tone after hearing some distinguished public singer who has made an impression upon them. I have heard a light soprano, with apparently very limited powers, suddenly take on an ample, resonant quality of tone, full of color and vitality, the day after hearing Lehmann in the rôle of Isolde; and another singer, with a dull, heavy, and hard voice, as suddenly achieve flexibility and a pure, sympathetic tone after listening to Melba in 'Lucia'; and I could cite dozens of similar instances. Of course, the change thus effected in the voice of a singer is not permanent. It must necessarily be only a temporary thing, because the mental impression of the sound is only ephemeral. It grows fainter day by day, and, as the singer is constantly hearing other voices, the memory of the better sound soon dies out altogether, while the old habits once more assert themselves. If, however, it were possible for the singer to remain during a long period under the influence of the sound by which he had been so strongly impressed, the continuity of the new sound-perception would certainly prevail in due time, and cause new habits to be formed in the vocal processes themselves."

If such results can appear in the culture of the singing and speaking voice, then certainly one who

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studies to appreciate rather than to perform will find advantage in constantly seeking opportunities to hear sound that is sympathetic and sweet. In either case it is the brain that is affected, and to no slight degree does the love of pure sound exert an influence upon character. There is a certain refinement of nature back of every tone that is pure and delicate, and a glad response to it is the evidence of a kindred grace. The Greeks, most sensitive of all men to æsthetic impressions, abjured coarse and noisy instruments, and chose as their distinctively national instruments the tinkling lyre and soft-murmuring flute. It is commonly accepted as one of the signs of degeneracy among the Romans of the empire that, with the corruption of the circus and theatre, a love for the sweetly modulated melodies of the Greeks faded out and a passion for harsh instruments and great masses of players and singers took its place. The law holds good in all conditions that nobility of taste affirms itself in a desire for simplicity, moderation, and refined gradation and balance in form and color and sound. The teacher of musical appreciation may justly give emphasis to this factor in the preparation for wise judgments. There is little danger that his disciples will stop with this, for a finely trained ear, habituated to nice distinctions, will readily unite its acquisitions to those of the understanding and the emotion. The culture of the organs of sense prepares the way for that high attainment which Thoreau had in mind when, in

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happy consciousness of intellectual progress, he exclaimed:

> "I hearing get who had but ears;
> And sight, who had but eyes before."

XVI

There must be a training of the understanding. The college instructor in the value and the use of art faces a group of young people who should need no exhortation to give heed to the intellect, for the thought that is more persistently brought to them, directly and indirectly, than any other, is that they are in the place they occupy in order that they may learn the uses of the reason, and they would naturally be disrespectful toward any subject that accomplished nothing more than the seduction of the senses and ephemeral emotional excitement. Indeed, the influences acting upon the teacher, for reasons already discussed, tend to incline him in a direction that leads away from those soft abodes of delight where the senses and the affections take possession of the reflective powers and lull them into slumber. There is little need, therefore, to exhort him to assign a prominent place in his system of instruction to matters of technique and form, but only to remind him of the proper relationship between the several apartments in which musical appreciation dwells. He will easily discover that the sense-perception, the inspection

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by the understanding, and the agitation of the emotional nature, theoretically distinct, are in experience blended in mutual action; that while the intellect is warmed and its exclusive self-consciousness, and self-confidence too, is reduced by feeling, the sense-perception is not forsaken by the will, and the passionate emotion is regulated by the judgment and brought under the guidance of the reason.

The intellect decides upon the final value of the work which demands entrance through the gates of feeling. It constitutes itself a court of appeal, and its decrees become accepted precedents. The term emotion as applied to art, be it observed, does not mean the same as emotion aroused by personal shocks coming from actual occurrences. The cause of the pleasure afforded by stage tragedy has been the subject of much profound dissertation ever since the days of Aristotle, but there is really very little mystery in the matter. The sadness that is felt at the death of Cordelia or Desdemona is an emotion which is not left to do its poignant work alone, subjugating every consciousness except that of horror and pity, as would be the case in the presence of similar incidents in daily life; but an emotion that is held up for inspection by the critical faculty and made to give a reason for its existence, which reason is found in the judgment of the performance as true to the laws, not of reality, but of the drama. The feeling of depression is temporary, and the enduring mood is one of pleasure over the

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poet's genius and the actor's skill, or it may be one of disapproval in view of the inadequacy of the latter. Similarly with the emotional response to a drama which abounds in cheerful situations and amiable characters — the pleasure is not simply because such and such incidents occur, but because the performance is fine.

In the process of forming a rational judgment concerning a work of art there must be a period when emotion is held in abeyance while the understanding applies its tests. In the case of those classes of works which exist in space it is possible to suspend the action of the feeling for an indefinite time, since the fixity of the object precludes all necessity of haste. A literary composition may be read as slowly as seems desirable, and it also remains unchanged while the reader, if he chooses, returns again and again to a passage that had seemed in any way doubtful. The wise critic of a building or statue or painting or poem subjects the work to deliberate scrutiny, he examines every detail, surveys each plane or shade or color or phrase in accordance with a standard furnished him by his knowledge and æsthetic convictions, builds up in his mind a counterpart of the visible creation, and only when the complete design has been tested and reviewed does he allow his pleasure or disapproval to become established and find expression in his words. In a musical composition, heard for the first time in performance, this preliminary analysis is impossible. The hearer can-

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not say, as before a picture, "I will examine this calmly before I allow myself to enjoy or condemn," for no such respite is allowed him. No two phrases present themselves at the same instant for comparison on even terms. Only by means of the memory can such comparison be made, and even with the most retentive mind the disadvantage is serious, for as the phrases pass in swift succession their echo in the memory becomes ever fainter, and sooner or later vanishes altogether down the dim corridors. No wonder that many contend that the criticism of musical works at the first hearing is absolutely untrustworthy, because the obstacles to reflective judgment are insuperable.

Nevertheless, the case is not quite so hopeless as at first glance it appears. The music, indeed, passes like a gust, and we cannot arrest its flight for a reinspection of its elements; but works of musical art can be classified, and by study of other compositions and the principles upon which the art rests we can establish in our minds a certain number of types, and be ready to apply any one of them to the work in hand. As a result of acquaintance with the standard musical forms we have in consciousness, we might say, a number of frames, to one of which we apply the particular work before us. If the work is made according to strict classic pattern it will fit the frame; if not, then the divergencies from type, because they are divergencies, will be intelligible. So with the more uncertain problems of style and character — the title,

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class, associated ideas, medium and circumstances of performance, practical uses for which the composition was designed, or any of the numerous conditions that guided the composer's invention, give us occasion to draw upon our stores of knowledge, and enable us thereby to apply a criterion which will serve us as at least a safeguard against total error.

The teacher, therefore, has a large field in which the powers of observation, analysis, co-ordination, and comparison are summoned into exercise. Everything in a composer's activity which calls forth a deliberate intellectual process (and the proportion is large) is itself to be appreciated by the employment of similar faculties. The instructor lays emphasis upon these things of technique not simply that the feeling of his pupils may be fortified by the intellect, and that they may thus escape the deterioration which might result from the surrender of the emotion to blind impulse, having no touchstone to separate between the strong and noble and the paltry and base — not that alone, but also that they may find pleasure in the exercise of the intelligence itself. No art worthy the name is lacking in a basis of science, and the greater the art the more the claim that is made upon the faculties that measure, compare, and judge. The true musical connoisseur perceives that in structure and design, the craftsman's patient skill, the proportion, adaptation, and balance of parts, the attainment of unity amid profusion, there is something that may

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be likened to wisdom and morality in the composer's control of his passionate impulses in the grip of his judgment and his iron will.

As a result of this discipline the hearer gains a double benefit. As the work of genius passes through his mind it organizes itself while it gathers volume, its resounding waves leave images which coalesce into logical significance; and then, furthermore, the fortunate listener retains the music in his memory as a living whole, it remains a lasting addition to his mental treasure, which a mere flash of tone colors, or a confused succession of unrelated emotional disturbances, can never be.

XVII

Last and greatest of all, there is the education of the feeling — that unstable element which, endowed with the clairvoyant power of intuition, reads the inner secret of the sounding forms and discovers the final purpose of their existence. In the evidence of the emotion is the proof of music's worth. Can we, by any process of analysis, explain this mystic power of divination, increase its sensitiveness, and use it to the enrichment of our life? Is the task of the instructor arrested at this point, or can he still continue to guide and inspire?

The supreme mystery of music lies in the fact that its extraordinary power of driving us out of our usual condition of mind, and awaking in us the most vivid emotions of delight and awe, is accom-

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plished by an agency that is wholly devoid of any of those concepts, images, and reminders which the other arts are compelled to use. Those arts act indirectly upon the emotion by means of ideas that are identical with or analogous to ideas with which we are already acquainted. No object in a picture, no sculptured figure, is absolutely new in the sense that it bears no resemblance, in the whole or in its parts, to anything we have ever seen; the words and images of poetry must be reminiscent of previous acquaintance or else they are unintelligible. A musical phrase, however, has no counterpart in our experience; it is unprecedented and unique. Its action upon our feeling is direct, not indirect. This would seem to imply that music can have no meaning, for in the acquisition of knowledge we proceed from the known to the unknown, and nothing can be understood except as it is able to attach itself to something that is already a part of our mental property. And yet when we surrender ourselves to the ravishments of music it comes to us as admirably definite, convincing, and real; and this sense of reality, as of something long sought and complete in the satisfaction it gives, seems to us sufficient proof that there is something in our nature to which music attaches itself, and that, too, without those delays which our ordinary intellectual processes, depending upon experience and effort, entail. In this eager greeting of music as something native to our souls, it is the intuition that is summoned, and its

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answer is unhesitating, free even from all knowledge of the means by which this acquaintance was acquired.

This element which the soul takes spontaneously to itself, as two drops of water flow into one another, baffles the searcher after its origin, and yet it is the spirit which gives to all forms of art their power over the affections of men. We speak of the soul of art which is manifest in beauty, and go no further in our account of it, for the words soul and beauty repel all attempts at definition. We know them, but we know them by ways and means that cannot be stated in formulas. This essence, when it appears in music, because it lives only in airy vibrations, seems wholly disembodied, and the world in which it moves is a world otherwise unexplored. The other arts must employ forms and materials which are associated in our minds with uses apart from those of pure conveyance of impressions of beauty. The beauty is something added to agencies of utility which at other times and under other needs may exist without it. Thus, a building receives an adornment which is superfluous from the point of view of its practical service as an abode or a place of business transaction. Implements devised for any kind of usefulness add painted or carven ornament for the sake of another service more ideal. Even when sculpture and painting are employed only for art's sake they must perforce draw their forms from the visible world — forms which bring with them associations that are com-

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monplace. Even color, which in pictures is the artist's color rather than nature's, cannot be used alone but is an overlay upon forms which only give coherence and reality. Language was developed under the compulsion of every-day needs, and in the guise of poetry acts through images or suggestion of things which originally had a more humble part in individual and social economy.

In music, on the contrary, this untranslatable message that passes from the artist's feeling to our own comes to us completely disengaged from every medium that has the power of adaptation to the ends of utility. Its materials are never used for any other purpose but its own. Music is not something made beautiful, it is itself beauty. Its forms are abstract proportions of time and pitch; its subject-matter "series and combinations of sounds, wholly independent of external phenomena and external utility, and having no existence independent of art" (Edmund Gurney). This element of pure art suggests no antithesis of form and expression and is in and by itself alone the sufficient object of contemplation. The other arts are emissaries from the world of sense and action — music suggests no operation of the will upon inert matter, its substance is an ethereal substance, which reaches that which is most inexplicable within us and finds no impediment in the transition from the outward to the inward. There is no trace of earthly alloy in this impalpable stream. Of the two categories, space and time, upon which our knowledge of the

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outer world depends, one of them, space, is eliminated. These pure currents, existing only in duration, bathe our souls with a refreshment such as no other æsthetic experience affords, and equally unique is the ecstasy with which the soul springs to its embrace.

What is the source and composition of this ecstasy? Can it be developed and directed? What is its effect upon the character of the individual? — for to say that this emotion is transient is contrary to fact, since there is no mental experience but leaves a lasting imprint upon the character. That it is accepted with an unparalleled frankness and whole-heartedness is proof of its correspondence with some inherent craving of the soul and therefore of its reality and value. Can this instinctive response to the cry of music be made more sensitive, intelligent, and cordial? In a word, can the emotional nature, so far as it is affected by music, be made the object of cultivation?

XVIII

In the first place, the guide to musical appreciation can perform a negative service — not less important on that account — of showing what the emotional office of music is not. It surely is desirable that emotion should not be ruled by false beliefs, or overflow with a volume that is far in excess of its cause, for in that consists the vice called senti-

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mentalism. There must be no conflict between emotion and intelligence.

Difficulties at once strike the teacher when he enters upon the subject of musical expression. He cannot avoid using the term, for, although it has been strenuously maintained by certain writers who assume to speak with authority that music has no representative or even expressive power, that it consists of "sounding arabesques," mere decoration, empty of thought, nevertheless, this opinion is instinctively rejected because it is unable to account for the extraordinary exaltation of mood producible by music, as if a veil were flung aside revealing a world supremely fair in which the spirit feels the confidence of a wanderer returned to his native land. May it not be, however, that this confidence is a delusion and that music has nothing positive to give us? When we say that music is expressive, do we intend the word to be taken in its common meaning, as when we say that a picture is expressive? Should we not say rather that the music is impressive, and is not the supposed expressiveness due rather to associations arbitrarily imposed? Is not our experience when hearing music, after all, purely a musical experience and nothing more?

In forms of art or natural objects to which we customarily apply the term expressive we distinguish two factors, viz., the object heard or seen and the thing or idea expressed. A face, for example, may express joy or grief. We see the face

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by direct perception; the joy or grief we do not see, but we infer it from the lines in the face. We know that the same face may have different expressions at different times — the face therefore is one thing, the expression another.

So with a work of art — it may interest for either of two reasons: first because it affords an agreeable arrangement of lines and colors, or second because it conveys an idea that is in itself worthy of consideration. The beauty and the expression may be so closely united that we hardly distinguish one from the other, as a face that is regular in feature and charming in tint may express kindliness or contentment, and we hardly consider whether the beauty is in the form or the virtue that shines through it. On the other hand, a face may be plain or even ugly in feature and yet so irradiated with noble character or lofty intellect as to take on a beauty that we feel to be of the highest order. Such was the face of Abraham Lincoln; such is the beauty of the grandfather's countenance in the famous picture of the old man and the child by Ghirlandajo. Poetry is supremely an art of expression, and yet there are lines that give pleasure by the very sound of the vowels, the harmony of the rhymes, and the swing and cadence of the rhythm, apart from their significance. The Italian language is commonly regarded as beautiful even by those who do not understand a word of it.

"In all expression," says Professor Santayana, "we may distinguish two terms — the first is the

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object actually presented, the word, the image, the expressive thing; the second is the object suggested, the further thought, emotion, or image evoked. These lie together in the mind, and their union constitutes expression." Now, if the object presented were literally expressive we should be able to separate these qualities in thought. The qualities that make a thing beautiful to the sense are inherent in the thing itself, they are an essential part of its very nature, while the expressional significance is attributed to it out of our knowledge or experience of life. When the idea is so tightly enwrapped in the very nature of the object that we always identify one with the other, we do not speak of the quality as being expressed by the object. We do not say that a sphere expresses roundness — a sphere *is* round; it would not be a sphere if it were not round. A clear sky does not express blueness, but it *is* blue. To a Gloucester fisherman who has seen his friends drowned before his eyes in a gale, the ocean may seem to express cruelty; it does not express wetness or even immensity — it *is* wet, it *is* immense.

It is evident that we may have great beauty with very feeble expression, and intense expression with little or no formal beauty. A vast number of art objects are simply ornamental or decorative — the vases on our shelves, the designs of tapestries, the jewels that we wear, wood, stone, and metal carvings, etc. One of the noblest of the arts — architecture — is, strictly speaking, almost

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wholly a presentative art. Architecture is certainly not wholly devoid of expression. A church spire may be thought to express aspiration. There is a feeling that may be verbally described in the majestic vaults and gloomy crypts of a Gothic or Romanesque cathedral. St. Peter's Church may be said to express the pride of the pope who built it. This expression in architecture, however, is to a large extent conventional, traditional, and associative, not the evidence of temperament or mood on the part of the architect — and certainly not representative. It is essentially imputed by the beholder, very much as the moods attributed to nature are reflected moods.

The relation between form and expression is more arbitrary in painting than in architecture, since the two terms do not so completely penetrate each other. The feeling is not so inevitably aroused by the very fact of the art's existence, for the painter may put his own individuality into the work, and is not so much confined to a conventional track by his material and subject-matter. Gothic churches always convey the same emotional impression; but two landscape-painters, working side by side, will often suggest widely different states of feeling, each laying his own personal emphasis, drawing out from the objects before him that quality which is in correspondence with his own character. Even in portrait-painting this holds true: Franz Hals and Rembrandt may paint the same sitter — each picture will not only indicate the character of the model but will also betray that of the artist.

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XIX

Now, what is the truth in respect to the art of music? When we speak of expression in music what do we mean by the term? Do we mean an impression that is inherent in the art, inevitable by very reason of the form itself? Or an expression that might be conveyed by any one of a number of forms, separable in thought from the object perceived and attachable to another, as in poetry? The answer will have much to do with the means that are taken to increase the emotional response and with the result accomplished.

It is certain that a great amount of music is comparable to ornamental decoration — its interest lies in graceful, ingenious play of tones, expressive, if at all, as any movement is expressive which conveys ideas of health, freshness, and buoyancy, arousing pleasure like that produced by running waters sparkling in the sun, or the racing of clouds on a June morning. Such experiences do not promote introspection, but rather the contrary. Almost all of the eighteenth-century harpsichord music is of this type, much of nineteenth-century piano music, and a large proportion of Italian opera melody in all times. In a very large amount of the religious music of Handel and Mendelssohn, even of J. S. Bach, there would be no suggestion of any deep feeling if the recollection of the text were removed. In the church music of the sixteenth century, on the other hand, we discover

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profound expression, but it is an expression inherent in music of this particular type, not derived from the pious aspiration of this or that composer — for the feeling might or might not be strong within him; while in a vast quantity of the vocal, orchestral, chamber, and piano music of the past one hundred years, even in opera, we find utterances that are unmistakably personal, which we cannot refuse to call expressive, and often expressive to a very definite degree. But even in works of the most pronounced individual character the music does not acquire the powers of exact representation possessed by words and pictures, it does not add to our knowledge of history, everyday life, or outward nature. Music creates its forms within itself and groups them in accordance with its own apart and inner laws, and the thoughts and moods aroused are musical moods. But are they nothing but musical moods?

Now comes the curious fact that many people are not willing to accept a complete separation between the domain of music and the spheres of language and picture. They constantly incline to interpret music as an actual reflex of things seen, or as expressive of precise feelings. In the first case music, through some mysterious correspondence, real or imaginary, stimulates the visualizing faculty, and images, recalled from experience or revived out of sunken regions of romance, spring into being at the touch of musical sounds. Ribot declares that people who are inclined to musical

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visualization are weak in genuine musical endowment. This may be generally true, but not always. Schumann was a visualizer, or else pretended to be for his own amusement and the mystification of others. The significance of this tendency has been set forth at length elsewhere,* and need not detain us here. It is enough to say that a belief in a literal representative power in music has no rational foundation, and an encouragement of it is much more likely to degrade than to elevate musical experience.

Far more worthy of respect is the belief that music has the power to express and to excite emotions, and in that power lies its noblest service. The definitions of music given by many famous scholars imply this. It would, perhaps, be rash to deny this ability on the part of music, for we know that men are often moved not merely to contemplation but to positive action by musical strains; but the more we examine this opinion the more inclined are we to question its validity. A face can be made by a painter to express love, fear, anger, compassion, hope, or one of many emotions, each of which may be distinctly differentiated from any other, but can a composer do the same? The painter accomplishes this feat because he can put the lines of the countenance into relations which are associated in our observation or experience with particular feelings, but

* *The Education of a Music Lover*, chap. IX.

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are there any musical forms that compel similar inevitable associations?

We must hold by the fact that the words emotional and expressive are not identical in their connotations. A piece of music may be strong on the emotional side and weak on the expressive side, and vice versa. A few tones produced by a great violinist may bring tears to the eyes (but not tears of grief, be it observed), while it would be impossible to distinguish in them any reference to a visible image or definite thought. Where there is a real connection between a musical work and precise feelings that belong to actual characters and events, this connection is due to an association of ideas that has been mechanically produced. Siegfried's dirge in "The Ring of the Nibelung" conveys with wonderful power the thought of glory and happiness followed by ruin and dismay, but it is able to do this because the motives of which it is composed have been definitely connected with events in Siegfried's life which have occurred in earlier portions of the drama.

And yet when we listen to great music the very deeps of our emotional nature seem to be moved, as the ocean waters are heaved by the storm. The language of Berlioz is hardly extravagant: "Music associates itself with ideas which it has a thousand means of calling into action, uniting at times all its forces upon the ear which it charms, upon the nervous system which it excites, upon the circulation of the blood which it accelerates, upon

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the heart which it dilates, upon the thought which it immeasurably enlarges and hurls into the regions of the infinite." These disturbances in the physical organism, accompanied by profound psychic changes — ideas of grandeur, tenderness, resistless motion, vast spaces, religious aspiration, or what-not — these emotions are far more lasting and precious than any superficial excitement of the nerves could be, and they may also be aroused by music that is extremely quiet and simple. Indeed, the emotional nature is often most deeply affected by strains in which physical agitation is reduced to the lowest terms, as in certain calm unadorned melodies of the great masters which seem to us like monitory voices from the eternal depths. Even when such strains are soundless, merely recalled in memory, they can convey to us impressions of vast bulk, force, or passion. John Addington Symonds, standing reverently before the sublime allegorical figures of Michelangelo in the sacristy of San Lorenzo, was reminded of phrases by Beethoven. It requires no long reflection to discover that these effects are not due to the suggestion of definite images or even precise emotions. In fact, there is no emotion thought of abstractly, apart from any person who entertains it or event which causes it, that can so disturb the soul with this sense of beauty, pathos, and delight. Indeed, we pay a poor tribute to the art of music when we feel forced to levy upon the subject-matter belonging to the other arts for means of its interpretation. We talk

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about emotions of fear, anger, desire, etc., as expressed by music and excited by music, but in truth they are Scheingefühle (mock feelings) — intensely real, indeed, but not those that belong to the world of action. There is never any separation in thought between the imagined emotion and the beauty of the music, and when we let the imagined emotion go, the music still remains as beautiful, yes, as grand, as touching, as salutary, as before.

Certainly we deceive ourselves when we believe that it is some special representation of a concrete idea that gives us our pleasure in music rather than its quality as good composition. The story of the Prodigal Son may be painted ill, but we are able to look beyond the inadequate execution to the eternal truth of the idea; but in music no such dissolution of thought and form is possible. The more music aims at realistic expression, the less is its value as music. Imitative music may strive to reproduce the actual sounds of nature, but if it succeeds it is music no longer. A shriek or a groan is more expressive than any musical tone can possibly be. A commonplace succession of lugubrious tones cannot make us feel sad, nor a rattling series of noisy and empty phrases make us mirthful. Moreover, when we strive to interpret music in terms of emotion we run into a very obstinate dilemma, for a musical piece of any considerable length is incessantly changing its rhythmic and dynamic effects, and if we try to feel the emotions it is supposed to render we are kept in a perpetual

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see-saw of contradictory moods. A piece may at one moment give us slow notes, at another quick ones, now it runs high, now low, now it is soft, now loud, now sombre, now brilliant, now quiet in rhythm, now impetuous — if the composer is bent on portraying precise feelings, why this disorder? If we imagine a definite series of ideas, where is the logic, the unity? But when we look at it as a work of musical art, obeying not poetic or pictorial but musical laws, we may find an admirable order, its affluent variety falling into coherent system, quite exempt from the contradiction that ensues if we seek for images and moods drawn from actual life within its shifting periods.

XX

When the arguments are before us and we are ready to admit that to ascribe expressiveness to music is a juggling with words, suddenly a resistless tide of glorious music sweeps over us and we are carried away from the bases of philosophy which we thought we had laid so firmly, and there seems nothing within or around us but a world of feeling — feeling that is not illusion but real. We have no account to give of such experiences except in terms drawn from the language of feeling. The music comes from something which has the reality of duration and creative force, and it assails a life which seems to us for the moment the most actual that our nature contains. We refuse to believe

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that this music is not expressive; on the contrary it seems the most truly expressive and significant thing in all the world.

In this conviction we are undoubtedly correct. Music is not isolated from mental states which exist before and after its sounds appear. But how shall we prove this? How can we so commend the art of tone to others that those who insist on permanent values as a condition of acceptance of æsthetic impressions will consent to receive music as an emissary from life? If one hesitates to believe that music can directly excite or express definite moods, may we not find a way of escape from our difficulty in the undeniable power of music to ally itself with particular sentiments and ideas and intensify the emotional effect which they normally produce?

Illustrations multiply as soon as we turn our thought in this direction. Nowhere is this intensifying quality in music more apparent than when it is employed in religious worship. We enter a church for a purpose so simple and distinct that the expectation of what is to follow our entrance prepares a state of mind which is peculiarly sensitive and open to impressions of a special order. The place, the time, the occasion, the recollections that throng upon us, all unite to prepare a desire to be further worked upon by any agency that will increase the sense of awe and reverence which is not only becoming, but a duty, in anticipation of the solemn act of faith. Such an agency, of pre-

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eminent efficacy, is found in music. The surging chords of the organ, the chanting of the choristers, purge our spirits of any alloy of worldliness, and "the tides of music's golden sea setting toward eternity" carry us into regions where the experience is so intense and all-absorbing that everything that had seemed real in the common events and activities of our lives shrinks and fades into the inane. The intensifying action of music is so great that neither word nor picture can vie with it in vividness and reality.

The enormous effects of music upon the sensibility are often contingent upon a preparedness of mood. Washington Irving, wandering amid the cloisters and tombs of Westminster Abbey, oppressed by "the stillness, the desertion and obscurity," meditating upon the strange vicissitudes of life and their inevitable issue, haunted by the sombre suggestions enforced by the "strange mixture of tombs and trophies," the "emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate," seats himself beside the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, and surrenders himself to the weird impressions that pervade the dim and silent atmosphere. Suddenly the tones of the organ burst upon his ear, alternating with the voices of the choir, affording the one element needed to fill the current of emotion and fix at once and for a lifetime the one commanding impression which this fane, the most mournful and

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glorious upon earth, imposes upon every visitor with subduing power.

So with patriotic music, war songs, home songs in foreign lands — the energy with which they seize upon moods which recollections or longings have evoked, and drive them often to the limit of joy or grief, are beyond the scope of any other art or language.

Such effects as these are to a large extent due to association of ideas, direct or indirect, personal or inherited, particular or general. Even when dislodged from its connection with the actual situation with which and for which the musical strains were produced, the melody, serving as a reminder, will thrust the mind vigorously in a particular direction, and tones, which apart and unrelated would possess but little interest, will often draw with them a crowd of sacred reminiscences which nerve or unnerve the resolution, until for a time the man becomes another than his ordinary self through the exaltation of one of the elements of his composite nature. But we must not suppose that this result comes from the mere presence in the mind of some affecting idea, as though the function of the music were no other than to heighten the recollection. The secret hangs rather upon the mysterious property in music itself, so that we might almost say that the idea strengthens the music rather than the music the idea. We sometimes say that the music of patriotic or religious songs when played upon instruments produces its

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emotional effect by reason of its association with the words, but what could the words do without the music? How feeble an exercise is responsive reading in church service! Imagine an army going into battle *reciting* "Die Wacht am Rhein" or the "Marseillaise"! So in the mass they sing "Kyrie eleison" and "Gloria in excelsis Deo," not because there is a pleasure in hearing the melodies, but because tones can actually express the passion of entreaty and adoration, while the words are hardly more than a cold reminder.

Music when connected with words and action is, therefore, more than an intensifier of ideas and moods. It may bring into relief conceptions which are only suggested by the words or inferred from them, or even awake in the hearer's imagination notions which seem to come from a shadowy realm beyond the compass of text and situation. Heinrich Schütz, in the "Conversion of Saul," assigns the words of the Redeemer, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" to successions of united voices, rising from lower to higher, conveying an intimation of superearthly majesty, together with an increasing urgency of appeal. The death-song of Isolde, in the ecstasy of its note of triumph, in the final pure sonorous concords emerging from the long anguish of passionately driven sequences, concentrates the struggle and rapture of the three-act sublimation of love — the acceptance of death as the fulfilment of an experience so much more precious than life that with its close no continua-

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tion of life could be accepted. Neither the words of Wagner nor any possible words could be expressive in this manner or in this degree.

Such enlargements of thought are effected by music where language and pictures fail. In the church, in the opera, in oratorio, in song, in the higher orders of programme music, tones cast around the concrete image a luminous mist, in which, as in crystal-gazing, we catch revelations otherwise unconceived. Like the inflections, looks, and gestures of an actor they reinforce the words and images; but they do more than this, they carry over to the emotion a further energy which comes from the same region in which the poet's thought is born, but whose ultimate depths it remains for music alone to sound.

XXI

Go one step farther; separate music from a formal attachment to words, scenery, action, or concrete images given by a title or programme — now, because music has abandoned these guides to exact interpretation, has that very thing which was so eloquently expressive before become unexpressive now? Is Liszt's "Les Preludes" expressive because it reflects a train of poetic ideas and holds our imagination in its grasp, and is Beethoven's Fifth Symphony unexpressive because it leaves our imagination hovering in the void? Are the means of musical effect — changes of pitch, speed and

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volume, rhythm, consonance and dissonance, orchestral color and all the rest, meaningless when they stand apart from all positive, verifiable, realistic conceptions? When our spirits are so moved by a stream of noble harmonies that all that is beautiful and holy in life seems for the moment concentrated for our joyful contemplation, are these celestial visitants only a mockery, deceiving us, like the desert mirage, with a semblance of truth which, when it fades, leaves nothing behind but the memory of a glittering illusion? This can hardly be. Music is definite enough when it takes possession of language and event and adds something to them which they required to attain full supremacy over us. We see clearly enough what this added element is and the particular service that music performs. It could not be so if there were no ground common to the two factors, for otherwise the titles of the "Pathetic Symphony" and the "Pastoral Symphony" might be exchanged without injustice to either. And do we not often feel that music gains an even firmer basis of expression when it renounces the aid of a confederate art, and takes its stand in a domain of feeling where it can afford to be exclusive because sufficient unto itself and supreme? At this point attempts at analysis and demonstration break down; no less do we believe that these sounding forms which excite and charm us have a message that tells of a reality otherwise unknown, perhaps the most abiding of realities. The chief support for this con-

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viction lies in the consciousness that when we hear great music it is not one part of our nature that is taken captive — as when we come in contact with a picture, a tale, a play, which shuts off a part of life and holds us to that — but the music is not circumscribed, it is the circuit of our spiritual nature that is traversed, we are no longer in the presence of the phenomenal but the essential; it is the *whole* in us that is embraced, it is the *whole* in us that rejoices.

It needs no psychologist to tell us that these emotions do not pass as wind over water; they do not leave us as we were before. We may suppose that we have forgotten the music of last year; to-day, in spite of the songs of yester-eve, we go about our humdrum task as though they had not been; nevertheless there is a vast unsounded tract below our consciousness where every past impression is stored, which receives an imprint from every thought, mood, and act of ours, where our personality has its centre. It is said that in this subliminal haunt all the melodies and harmonies of the composer's creation lie inchoate, in germ or fragmentary suspense, and that music is the one immediate expression of this fathomless, undemonstrable, essential reality. We cannot tell. We do believe, from evidence that seems potent because it is all within, that those sweet airs and sublime concords which shake and bewilder our hearts are not less true, not less a revelation, because it is left to the emotion to interpret them in

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terms of itself, while the logical faculty, which explains in terms of verifiable relations, is forever baffled.

XXII

But let us return from this alluring chase after explanations which we may cherish but can never prove; accepting the delights of music as the assurance of something more than delight, can the musical sense (using the term in its deepest connotation as dealing with emotional values apart from intellectual values derived from the study of scientific principles and historic relationships) — can this faculty which seems at first thought to lie below the reach of methodical discipline, be made the object of systematic development? Bringing forward again our old comparison with the religious sense, the answer may be — yes, by means of the same method of trust and experiment. In the place which musical art has held in the great world's life, and in the experience of those who have found in it a means of refinement and emotional quickening, one may find ground of belief; and then in submitting oneself to the finest influences that music affords, taking its masters as friends and guides, a truth of music may be found which will be its own proof, and will take its helpful place in the formation of character.

In the process of increasing our susceptibility to the higher influence of music, the influence we

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have in mind should undoubtedly be that of music in itself alone and not as an adjunct or accessory to something else. Music is certainly a powerful aid to poetry, action, religious inspiration, etc., but musical culture has something besides poetry, drama, religion, and other interests for its end. Nevertheless the object can be attained by indirect as well as by direct means. Music owes so much of its power over the mind to its affiliations that an increased appreciation of what is beautiful and vital in these will count favorably in musical culture. Try to cultivate musical feeling in a young person and nothing else — shut out all the sweet ministries of poetry, art, nature, friendship, stimulate the musical imagination and no other — would the musical consciousness, just that alone, gain or lose thereby? The magnetic attraction that exists between music and so many other means of the expression of the spirit, proves their affinity, and each factor in the alliance may benefit by the sympathetic recognition of the other. Stimulate the love of anything beautiful and the love of music grows when it is felt that musical beauty is not isolated, but springs from a common soil and helps to enrich that soil. Every experience that helps to soften the heart and quicken the consciousness of the relation between the individual soul and the visible and invisible world around it, will enhance the emotional reaction to musical beauty, provided that music is not conceived as wholly abstract, shutting off one part of the mind from every

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other, but is felt as belonging in the very essence of life and necessary to life's full expression.

As music has proceeded in its historic career these associations have accumulated in constantly increasing multitude and force, so that in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries it would almost appear as though the very rationale of the higher musical criticism must proceed along the attachments which music throws out. If in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries music appeared divorced from the essential life of the time, it is so no longer. Music has become a vivid reflection of nationality, personal temperament, spiritual and even material tendencies, a counterpart and ally of all the reflective and passionate moods which the intensely self-conscious life of the present age induces. It has become the guiding task of musical study on the appreciative side to search beyond forms and sensuous impressions, and find the explanation of music's special character in something that existed before the music and is striving to communicate itself through this almost infinitely flexible and suggestive vehicle.

It need not be said that all musical works are not so to be interpreted. To read a representative character into all the products of musical invention would be to fail to discriminate among music's various functions. It is the broad and deep view of musical art in its relation to the emotional life with which we are concerned, for the acceptance of this belief and the pursuit of all the trails through

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which it leads produces a certain state of mind, compounded of reverence and curiosity, which will help to prepare a cordial acceptance to every work of marked originality and beauty. This is perhaps the most that we can do to increase the activity of the musical emotion and direct it to profitable ends, and it is enough. Accept music as expressive not in a detached and petty way, but in the deepest and fullest sense of the term. Seek for its background, its motive, the soul within it. In proportion as we feel love, pity, or admiration for a certain composer, and as we perceive that his music is a sincere appeal for the sympathy of the world, the more will our souls be fed and strengthened by his work. It will mean more life to us because it contains life. So with music that conveys ideas of nationality, of nature, of poetry, romance, the joys or sorrows of genuine humanity. Even in the most absorbed musical experience the reason is not utterly annihilated; from the known our consciousness leaps away to the unknown, and this unknown assumes a positive shape and color. All art employs what is seen or heard to bring to us a sense of what is unseen and unheard. That is the entire function of art — of music no less than her sisters. Step by step we may broaden Mrs. Rogers's discovery into an allegory. As the voice of an immature singer may take on an access of purity and volume when the mind is stimulated by a supremely beautiful model, so the emotional nature of every lover of music is quickened by every

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contact with music that is the sincere utterance of the mind of a master.

All that is needed is faith and reliance upon the experience of others as well as upon one's own. This faith it is the business of the instructor in the appreciation of music to impart by every means, direct and indirect, that his wisdom and knowledge may suggest. No exhortation to his pupils to feel this or that in music will avail. His chief reliance must be in exciting the imagination in order that it may run out and gather in the manifold causes, associations, stimuli, moulding forces, which, in periods, nations, institutions, and the life and habit of any given composer, work to direct music along definite lines of expression. These efficient influences may be found in poetry, religious systems, social movements, individual joys and sorrows, tastes and passions. Never can one proceed far along the track of musical interpretation without finding somewhere an attachment to some phase of life which imparts to the music a certain specific style, color, or form. The biographies of composers assure us that their life of feeling is not confined to their special art, and furthermore that their musical creation blends with a flood of feeling which runs back and forth between the outer world of action and their inner world of contemplation and desire. Let the music lover, therefore, live in imagination the life which the masters lived, try to understand their motives and the conditions that directed their work, become as their contem-

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poraries, cultivate the appreciation of everything in art, nature, and human feeling which may properly find voice in musical strains, and he will discover that to understand is to feel, and to feel rightly is to love. Chief of all evidence to music's reality and spiritual expressiveness will be the silent, irresistible evidence that rises convincingly in the heart as one lives day by day in the presence of the masterpieces of creative genius. Every master in art says to us implicitly as Beethoven said of his "Missa Solemnis": "It came from the heart, to the heart may it go." The mind is moulded into the likeness of the things it knows intimately and comes to love. In art, as in all the greatest things in life, love is the condition of genuine growth. Love is the fulfilment of the intellectual as well as of the moral law.

This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. We may believe or we may not believe that music has the power of expressing precise, definable emotions, and that therein is its ultimate purpose. It is of little consequence. Its history, our knowledge of the motives and experience of the great composers, its influence upon the heart as betrayed in the records of all mankind, prove that it is no mere diversion amid the serious concerns of life, but is itself a serious concern. The readiness with which it springs to the reinforcement of those other most comprehensive and searching expressions of the life of feeling, namely poetry and religion, indicates a close kinship with them in source and function.

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"It is the function of poetry and religion," says James Martineau, "to rebaptize us in floods of wonder." The fact that these two consummate expressions of the life of feeling cannot long remain apart from music throws upon music the light that we seek for its interpretation. And when it puts forth its powers in isolation, in proud reliance upon itself, it still moves us as nothing could move us which was not the revelation of that underlying, perpetual element in human life, from which all particular emotions and activities spring, and into which they eventually subside.

Music is interpreted, in the last resort, by the same element from which it proceeds. The appreciation of it in the deepest sense is the result of the preparation of all the passageways by which music gains access to the understanding and the emotional nature — most of all the enrichment of the latter by the aid of every influence that may make the mind more easily worked upon by that spirit of Beauty whose "priestlike task of pure ablution" is always the same, whether it ministers in the vesture of visible form, or color, or sound.

Thus the lecturer on the history and criticism of music, by long groping amid the mazes of his own experience and sweeping over the vast and fertile fields where music has bloomed in the ages of the past, justified his work and took renewed courage because there had come to him, as never before, a vision in which music and life walked to-

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gether hand in hand. He had heard long ago that music is unreal, apart from life, shut within a lonely sphere where spirit is lost to view, and relationship with the intellect and truth a figment of the fancy. But the question came with the sternness of rebuke, What is Reality, and what is Life? Is it not the grand function of music to correct and deepen our definition of these entities? Is it possible to explain the power of sound which has been cherished by mankind in direct proportion to the enlargement of knowledge of the higher laws of nature and the spiritual life — is it possible to explain this on any other belief than that music is the voice of reality, and that in its appeal to the sense, the understanding, and the feeling it has a necessary part to play in education? That it is a source not only of delight but of benefit to all, whether young or old, who would live in the larger life of the reason?

"All music," writes the "good gray poet" of democracy,

"is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments.

"It is not the violins and cornets, it is not the oboe nor the beating drums, nor the score of the baritone singer singing his sweet romanza, nor that of the men's chorus, nor that of the women's chorus.

"It is nearer and farther than they."

When we are beguiled out of ourselves by the spells which music weaves around us, and all our

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previous life seems swept away and the present is a glorious dream, we are not outside the soul's active domain. The thread that binds this instant life to the constant is not broken. The mind is not only invigorated, but enlightened — strengthened too, for we have been touched by an effluence that carries with it a healing power. And so, with the poet, as he awoke from his vision of the music of the world, we may say in issuing from our trance:

"Come, for I have found the clew I sought so long;
Let us go forth refreshed amid the day,
Cheerfully tallying life, walking the world, the real,
Nourished henceforth by our celestial dream."

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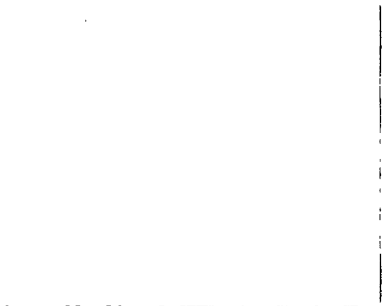

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